

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,026



JULY 27, 1889

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

No. 1,026.—Vol.  
Registered as a N





# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

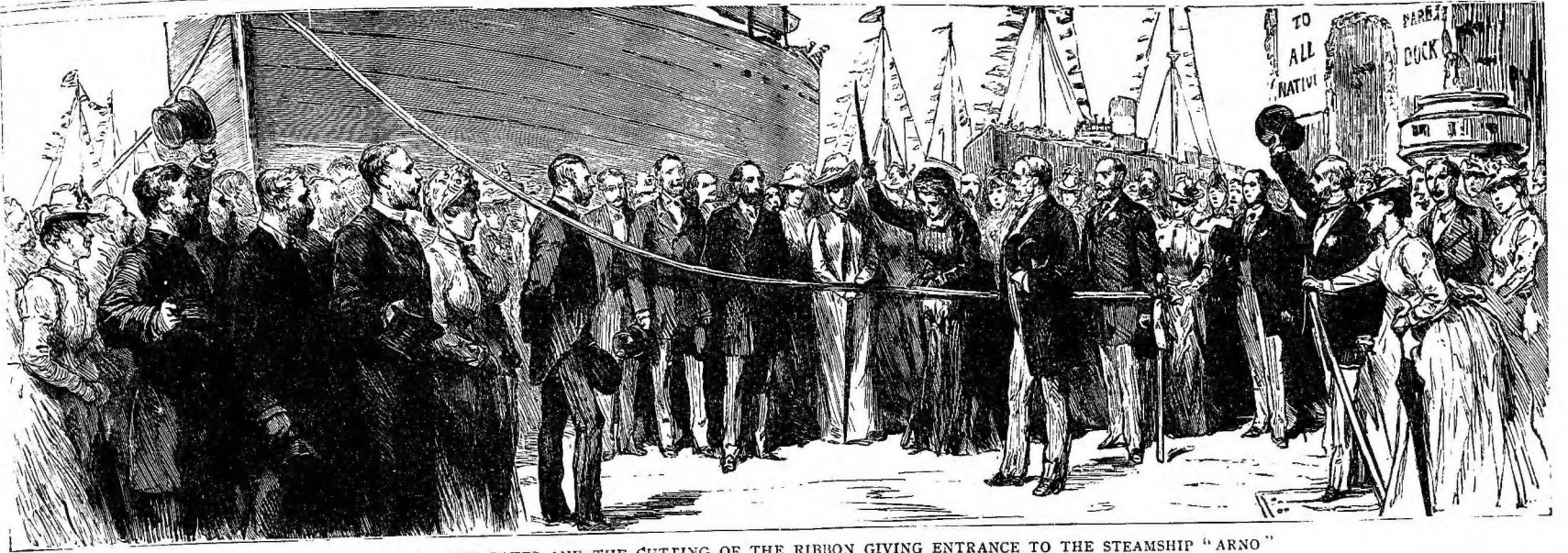
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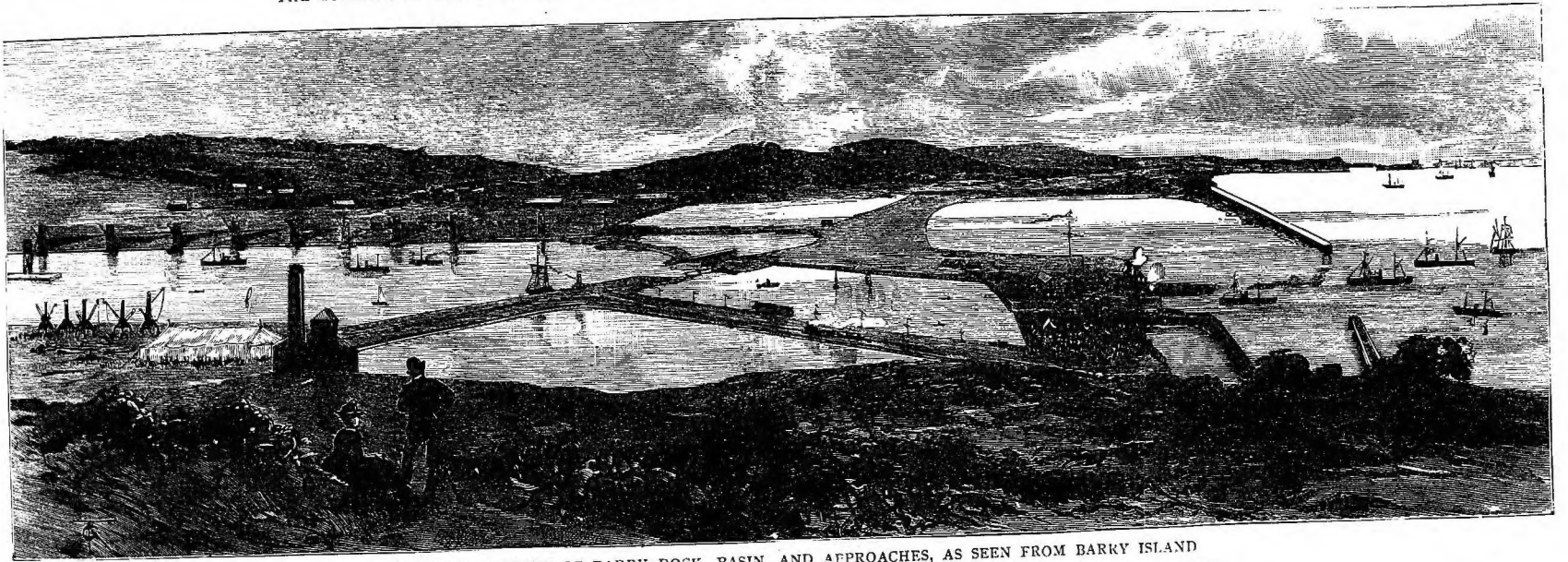
SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES  
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

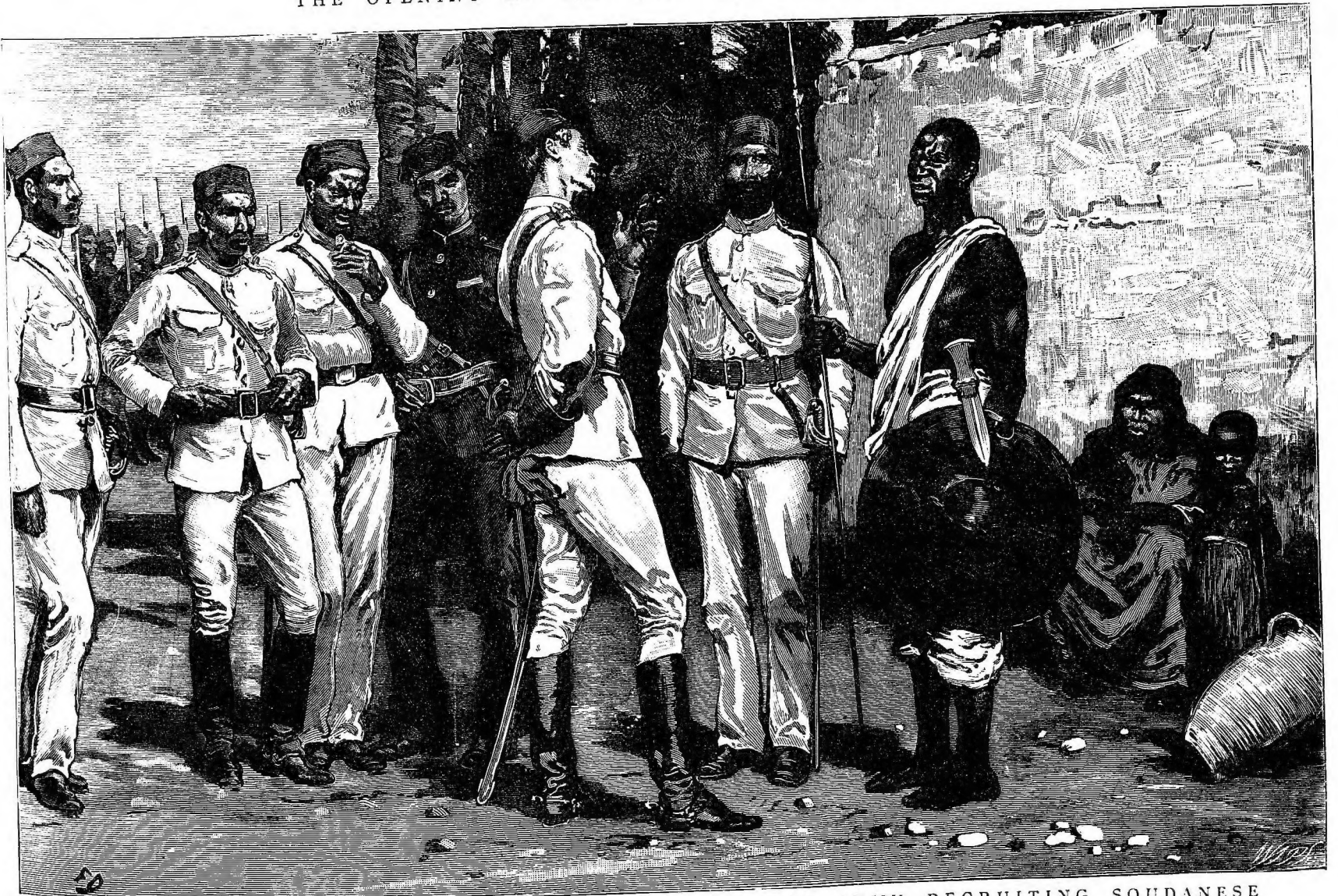
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THE OPENING OF THE GATES AND THE CUTTING OF THE RIBBON GIVING ENTRANCE TO THE STEAMSHIP "ARNO"



PANORAMIC OUTLINE OF BARRY DOCK, BASIN, AND APPROACHES, AS SEEN FROM BARRY ISLAND  
THE OPENING OF THE NEW BARRY DOCKS, CARDIFF



THE DERVISH ADVANCE—OFFICER OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY RECRUITING SOUDANESE



RECONQUERING THE SOUDAN.—It is natural enough that Sir Samuel Baker and his school should desire to see England undertake the re-conquest of the Soudan. They assign the insecurity of the Egyptian frontier as the reason for this enterprise ; but it may be questioned whether quite a different consideration does not exercise equal influence over their minds. To them it must be intolerable to see an enormous stretch of country shut off from the civilising agencies which they have hoped to introduce, and handed over to barbarism. Truly, it is a pity that this should be the case ; even those who have little faith in the regeneration of the Soudanese by trade and missions would like to give the tribes another chance of becoming respectable members of cosmopolitan society. But not at the sole cost of England ; she has made sacrifices enough and to spare on that altar. Besides, even if Khartoum were recovered for Egypt, and the road opened from Berber to Suakin, Egypt would be in a greater difficulty than ever on account of her southern frontier being so enormously extended. The wave of fanaticism which submerged poor Hicks Pasha and his motley host rolled up from the equatorial regions, and were it forced back from Khartoum by British bayonets, it would assuredly try and try again to move northwards. Instead of wasting any more blood and treasure in Quixotic enterprises of that character it would be far wiser for England to strengthen the occupying force in Egypt, so as to have sufficient troops in hand to crush any Soudanese incursion at the outset. It is the apparent weakness of Egypt that tempts the Mahdists to cross the frontier, and until that impression is eradicated from their minds periodic invasions will be inevitable.

to see these juvenile processions in the pantomimes would like their own children to follow such a business? The sentiment of the country generally is indicated by the fact that a majority of the House of Commons, comprising men of all political creeds, passed the Bill as it now stands; and if the House of Lords also passes it in its entirety they will not have sanctioned any startling novelty, they will merely have extended to children employed for purposes of amusement the restriction already enforced in mines, in factories, and in farm-work. Indeed, the Bill falls far short of the American law, which disqualifies children from theatrical employment up to the age of fifteen.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL DISSIDENTS.—The public will not be sorry that a section of the London County Council has entered a protest against the vaulting ambition which is leading it astray. It is not merely that the majority of the members show a marked disposition to meddle with matters beyond their province. That could not well be avoided, after the pledges they gave when candidates. But it is really too much of a good thing when this purely municipal body aspires to dictate to Parliament on grave questions of national policy. Reading some of the heated discussions, an unenlightened foreigner might easily imagine that the English people had added a third legislative chamber to the two associated with the British Constitution. And a highly superior one, too, imposing its authority on Lords and Commons alike. Some allowance should be made, of course, for the eccentricities of gentlemen who suddenly find themselves endowed with large powers of control over the greatest and wealthiest city in the world. Such exaltation might well turn wiser heads than are on some of their shoulders. But now that full time has been allowed for wild-oat sowing, the public hope to see a more businesslike spirit dominate the Council. There is an abundance of most useful work which badly needs to be taken in hand ; one only has to walk through the streets to obtain ample evidence that London is not so capably administered as many of our great provincial towns. When all defects are made good, the Councillors may, if they please, seek relaxation by storming for the taxation of ground-rents, or demanding to have the Household Brigade placed under their orders.

is a fearful responsibility to have such a number of people crammed into these two little islands, and, if we had been wise, we should have spent some of the millions wasted in unnecessary wars in a well-considered system of State emigration. This would have kept down the home increase, strengthened our colonies, thereby giving us more profitable markets, and lessened the misery which is at the bottom of Irish discontent. The other uniformly progressive increase is in non-alcoholic beverages. Of these, the consumption per head is double now what it was thirty-two years ago. Alcohol has fluctuated; we drink rather more beer, wine, and spirits than we did in 1856, but not so much as during the industrial "boom" which signalled the period from 1873 to 1876. In tobacco, we should have expected a much greater individual increase, but, while in 1856 the consumption was 1·16 pound per head, last year it was 1·48. The truth probably is, that while the middle and upper classes smoke more than they did, the mass of the working folk keep to their old *quantum*.

A NEW BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY.—Ever since the Italian troops entered Rome in 1870 there have been rumours from time to time that the Pope intended to take up his residence elsewhere, preferring a new Babylonish Captivity to the supposed hardships of his position at the Vatican. These rumours have lately been revived, and it seems by no means improbable that there may be some foundation for them. Pope Leo is surrounded by fiery counsellors who do not doubt that the temporal authority of the Papacy will be restored, and they may be of opinion that the approach of the "good time coming" would in some way be hastened if he were, by withdrawal, to call the attention of the world to his grievances. There appears to be little chance that this step, about which so much has been said, would bring the Church an inch nearer the goal to which the most zealous class of its rulers wish to lead it. We live, indeed, in a warlike age; but the Papal claim to secular power is not the kind of cause for which nations in our day take up arms. If Italy were defeated in a war with France, begun on other grounds, the French Government might, perhaps, for reasons of its own, insist upon the revival of the Papal dominion, but even that is not certain. And it is very far from certain that in such a struggle France would be the victor, for probably Italy would fight side by side with Austria and Germany. Would the Pope improve his position otherwise by quitting Rome? Would he strengthen his hold over the Roman Catholic world, and rise in the esteem of the rest of mankind? No one can with confidence answer "Yes," for the Pope owes at least as much to Rome as Rome owes to the Pope. In Malta, or in some Spanish or Austrian town, he might find that his office had lost some element of charm that belonged to it in the city which, of all others, has for the imagination of Europe the strongest fascination. If the Papacy could bring itself to recognise accomplished facts, and to live at peace with the Italian Monarchy, that would be the best solution of existing difficulties. It would then have a great opportunity of developing its influence by devoting itself exclusively to its spiritual functions.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS' UNION.—The correspondence between Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson and Mr. Arch leaves matters in a very unsatisfactory state. What is the real financial condition of the Agricultural Labourers' Union? If thoroughly sound, it is difficult to understand what objection there can be to an independent audit of the accounts. Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson having offered to bear the expense, one might have thought that Mr. Arch would have readily availed himself of such a capital chance of getting a gratis advertisement for the Union. At all events, the offer was as liberal as straightforward, nor can we detect anything in it to account for the angry tone of Mr. Arch's letters. It appears to be the Sick Fund and its administration that are chiefly called in question, some labourers having got hold of the idea that the fund is not so strong as it should be. It is quite possible that this is a mere hallucination. But since the existence of the suspicion must be very prejudicial to the Union, Mr. Arch, as its President, should be the first to court independent investigation. No charge is made against him personally nor against any of his colleagues; they have, no doubt, managed the funds with scrupulous integrity. But it is quite possible that their skill in finance lags behind their honesty, and all experience goes to show that when this is the case, independent auditing is the only way of discovering how matters really stand. It is mere folly and frivolity on the part of Mr. Arch to fling about personal innuendoes of an offensive sort. He is not particularly smart in the use of such weapons, but even if he were, it would not be the way to convince the Essex labourers that the funds of the Union have been wisely, as well as honestly, administered.

REPORTING IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—Whatever the faults of our Upper Chamber may be, it is not given to excessive talking, and therefore it is rather hard on the Peers that their speeches should be imperfectly reported. This, according to Lord Cadogan, whose motion on the subject was accepted by the House, is due not to any unwillingness or lack of skill on the part of the reporters, but



La GIRAFFE  
Dédiée

Sans Permission

à

MADemoiselle CHALON

1828.



*Pray sweeten the tea to your mind,  
It matters not if Mungo's blind*

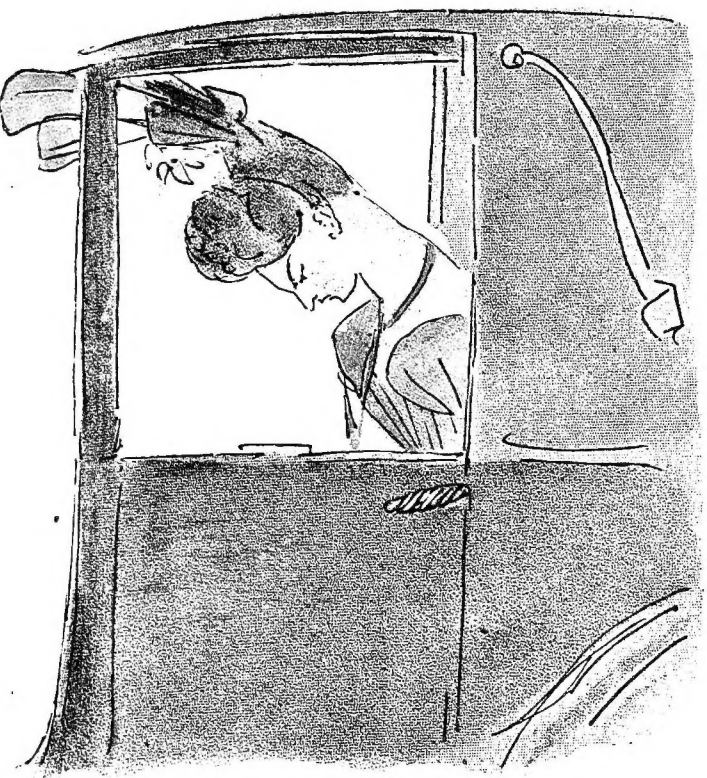


*Oh what clattering o'er my head  
Am I alive, or am I dead?*



*If to her share some female errors fall  
Look at her lack and you'll forget them all*





*A stiff neck take  
For fashion's sake*



*Right or wrong, 'tis all the same  
Blind your man an't win the game*



*Miss Mac Intire  
Your head's on fire*

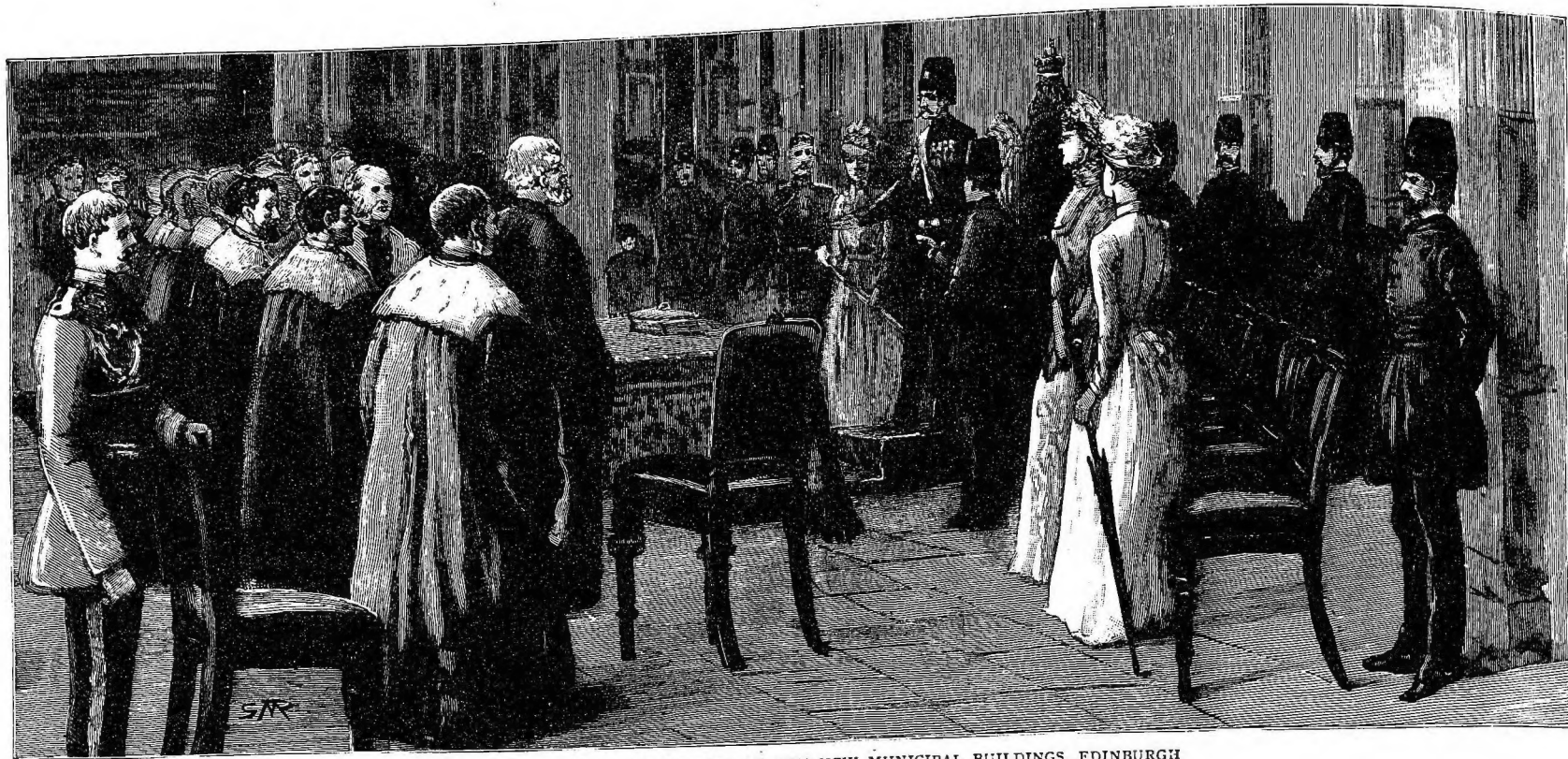


*Alas ! alas !  
How shall I pass ?*

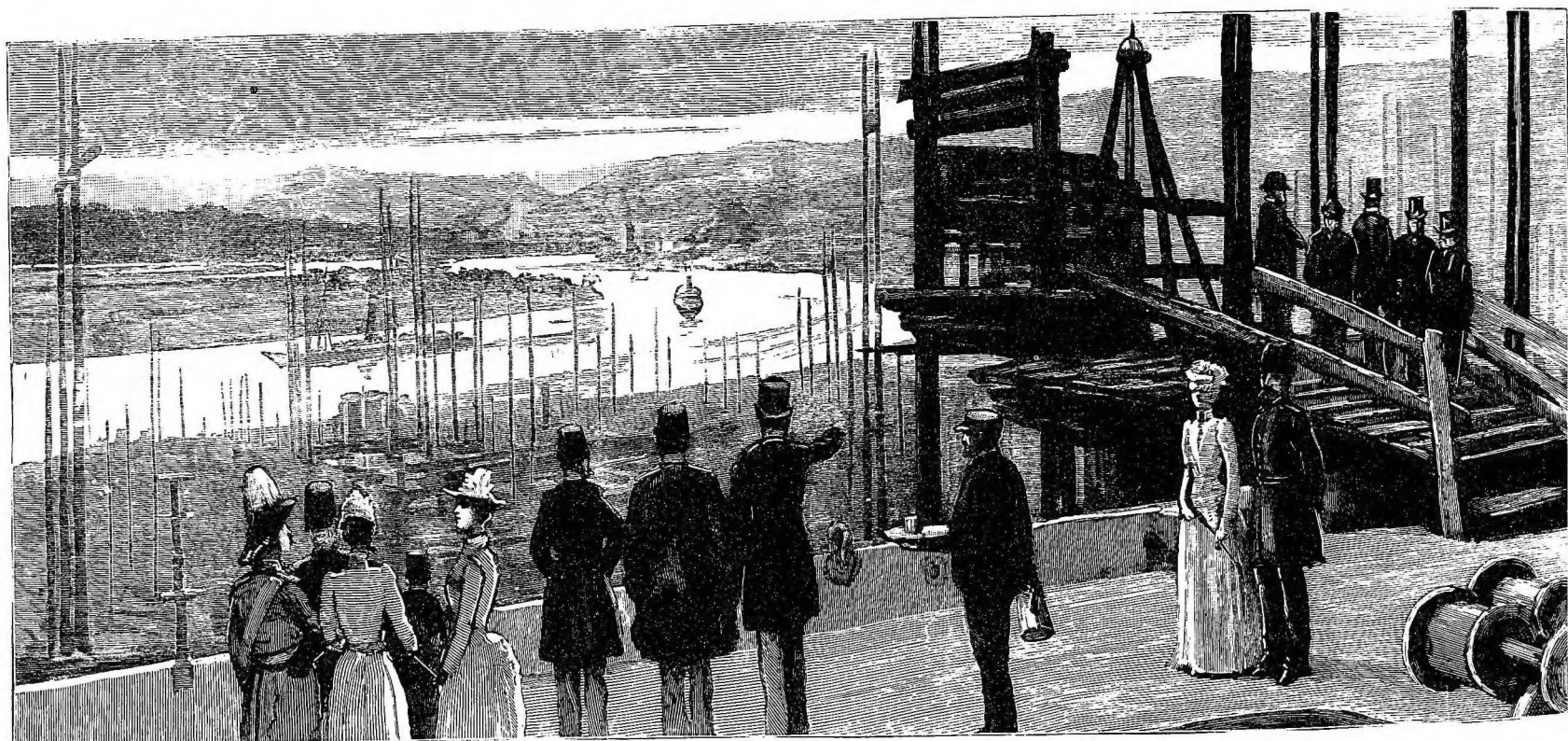








THE SHAH RECEIVING AN ADDRESS AT THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, EDINBURGH



THE VISIT TO MESSRS. J. AND G. THOMSON'S SHIPBUILDING YARD, CLYDEBANK



A HIGHLAND DANCE BEFORE THE SHAH, GIVEN BY SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK, AT INVERCAULD HOUSE, BRAEMAR

THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN SCOTLAND





THE FLORAL PARADE AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK



A luncheon for nearly two thousand persons, served in a vast and beautifully decorated marquee, followed, at which speeches of high interest were made by the principal movers in the scheme, the practical work of which is now being entered upon.

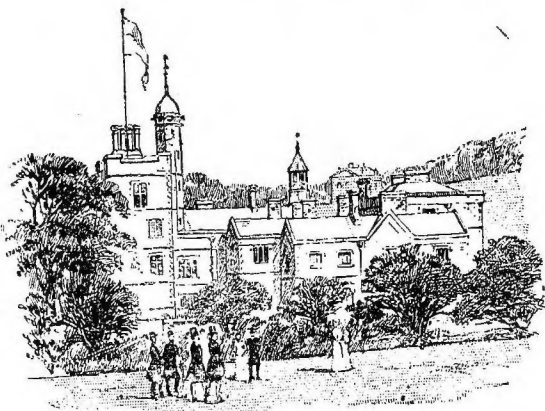
In order to still more fully subserve the traffic of the district, an entrance to the Dock practicable at any state of the tide will now be commenced. Owing to the great range of tide in the Bristol Channel, this will be a work of time and difficulty, which, when accomplished, will place the Docks in an undoubtedly premier position among those of the South Wales Coast.

### RECRUITS FOR SOUDANESE REGIMENTS.

THESE recruits are largely obtained from the servant class. All able-bodied men are required to serve by conscription; and, if the masters are unwilling to give up their servants (slaves?) they have to pay 20*l.* per head. In December last the recruiting officers took over 20,000*l.* in fines as exemption from service. At one large town a few years ago the 20*l.* fine had to be raised to 100*l.*, in order to get sufficient men. The 100*l.* was continually paid by the owners. Our engraving (which is from a photograph by the Rev. C. H. Sutton, late chaplain to the forces in the Sudan) represents some Egyptian soldiers, and a Soudanese recruit, who, with his wife and child, are in native dress. The Soudanese will not enlist unless he can have his wife and children in a village near the camp. This makes the Soudanese soldier rather more expensive than the Egyptian soldier.

### THE SHAH IN SCOTLAND

DURING this week and last the Shah has been continuing his tour of sight-seeing in the North of England and in Scotland. We give this week three illustrations of the Shah at Ashridge, Lord Brownlow's house, one of the first mansions at which he stayed after leaving London. We give also a picture of The Farm, the residence of the Duke of Norfolk, used by the Shah during his stay



THE FARM, NEAR SHEFFIELD

at Sheffield. This week also our other illustrations deal with the later incidents of the visit to Scotland. On Tuesday last the Shah was in Manchester, when he paid a visit to the works of the Manchester Ship Canal, and was vastly impressed by the great steam navvies tearing up bucketsful of soil, a ton and a half at a time. On Wednesday the Persian King left Manchester for Scotland, and as he was driving to the



ASHRIDGE

railway station he pleased the crowds in the street by purchasing from a persistent boy, who ran by his carriage, a copy of a penny life of the Shah, ornamented with a rude portrait of His Majesty. The production seemed much to amuse the Shah, and he carried it in his hand to the railway station. Arriving at Drymen, near Loch Lomond, the Shah was driven to Buchanan Castle, where



GARDEN PARTY AT ASHRIDGE

he was welcomed by the Duchess of Montrose and the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane. On the lawn after dinner Highlanders danced by torchlight to the strains of Scotch music. Thursday saw the Persian King still actively in pursuit of pleasure and knowledge. He early drove into Glasgow, where the usual processions, luncheons, and toasts awaited him. One of our illustrations shows the subsequent visit to the shipbuilding yards of Messrs.

G. and J. Thomson at Clyde Bank. Some sensation was caused in Glasgow by the rumour that a stranger had been discovered lurking in the next bedroom to that of the Shah at Buchanan Castle. The truth was, that an Armenian had somehow managed to attach himself to the Shah's suite, and that he actually had managed to penetrate to the bedrooms. The man was removed in custody. It appears that a warning had been sent from London to say that four Armenians had followed the Shah to Scotland, but this was the only one of the party who appeared. Mr. J. T. Mackenzie's place at Ballater, Glenmuick House, was visited by the Shah on Friday, great preparations having been made to make the thing a success. Prince Albert Victor travelled specially from London and met the Shah at Ballater Station. Highland games were witnessed by the illustrious visitors on a lawn in front of the house, and in the evening the tenants were entertained at a ball, with lighted torches, escorting the Shah to the ball-room. From Glenmuick House, on Saturday, the Royal



THE SHAH LEAVING ASHRIDGE

party proceeded to Sir Algernon Borthwick's place, Invercauld Castle, Braemar, visiting on the way Balmoral Castle, over which they were conducted by Dr. Profeit. Sir Algernon Borthwick had spared no pains to secure the comfort and convenience of his guest, and we give this week, from the pencil of our special artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers, an illustration of the torch dance by Highlanders in full costume. With this performance the Shah was very highly delighted. On Monday of this week the Shah left Invercauld for Aberdeen and Hopetoun House, where he was the guest of Lord Hopetoun, and the next day (Tuesday) the party went to inspect the Forth Bridge Works, over which they were conducted by Sir John Fowler and Mr. Arrol, the contractor. Several of our illustrations this week show the present condition of this gigantic structure. Driving to Edinburgh the Shah was there received with the greatest cordiality, and accepted an address of welcome from the Corporation, presented in the new Municipal Buildings. Later in the day the Shah left for Cragside, near Rothbury, Northumberland, where he was the guest of Lord Armstrong. On Wednesday he was in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and from there he went to Bradford, leaving Bradford on Friday evening for Leeds.

### THE BOTANIC SOCIETY'S FLORAL FÊTE

THE Floral Parade and Feast of Roses of the Royal Botanic Society were very successfully celebrated on July 15th at the Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. The Prince of Wales is said to have suggested the idea, from what he had seen at Nice. H.R.H. was accompanied by the Princess, their three daughters, Lord Fife, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. There were about eight thousand persons present; the ladies wore roses on their dresses and bonnets, and most gentlemen had "buttonholes" of roses. From a *dais* just outside the Conservatory the Royal party observed the parade, after which the Princess of Wales distributed to the prize-winners little flags representing the medals and prizes. Gaily-decorated carriages covered with flowers, drawn by horses and ponies gallantly caparisoned and lavishly decked with garlands, marched past, led by grooms, and containing ladies and comely children. There was a great variety of tasteful ornamentation. The most attractive exhibits, perhaps, were those in which small ponies and equally diminutive boys and girls played a part. Apart from the procession, flowers prevailed everywhere—there was a *parterre* of roses in the centre of the tent, there were rose-bedecked shallows on the lake, and maypoles and arches of flowers in the grounds. Nor did St. Swithin forget the *fête*, he sent now and then a sharpish shower as a reminder of his anniversary.

### WIMBLEDON

THE final competition at the 900 yards range for the Queen's Prize, on the 16th inst., was of the most exciting character. The winner was evidently among four marksmen, namely—Sergeant Reid (1st Lanark Engineers), Major Pearce (4th Devon), Private Jones (1st Welsh Regiment), and Private Wattleworth (2nd Liverpool), their scores at that time being respectively 263, 259, 258, and 255. Presently, however, Wattleworth tailed off, and then Jones fell away, so that the interest of the spectators (among whom was the Duke of Cambridge) was concentrated on the other two. It was a very close affair. If, with his last shot, Major Pearce had made a bullseye, he would have won; but he could only secure a magpie, so the victory fell to the Scotsman, who made 281 points against his rival's 280, and who was cheered and taken to the Cottage, where Lady Wantage pinned the badge on to him. Sergeant Reid is a telegraph clerk at Glasgow. On the afternoon of that day the Duke of Cambridge visited both the Canadian and the American camps. On the 17th a great deal of rain fell, accompanied with much thunder and lightning, but the atmospheric conditions were otherwise not unfavourable to shooting. In the afternoon a remarkable exhibition was given by the Americans of their method of shooting. They advanced and retired, halting at the sound of the bugle to fire at the targets. Their practice was excellent, showing a capital average of hits. The 18th, a day with a specially attractive programme, was fine and warm throughout. Teams from eighteen public schools appeared to compete for the trophy which by schoolboy riflemen is regarded as the summit of ambition—namely, the Ashburton Shield—and the shooting, which considerably surpassed that of any previous years, kept up the excitement from start to finish. For the third time since the competition has been established, Charterhouse proved the winners, making an aggregate of 459 points. Harrow and Eton were far in the rear, making 413 and 412 respectively. The highest individual score, and the highest aggregate ever made in this competition, was achieved by Widdrington, of Winchester, who made a total of 66 points. His school, which came next to Charterhouse, made 446. At the same time the International Contest for the Elcho Challenge Shield was being carried on. Ireland proved the victor with a total of 1,689, England followed with 1,684, and Scotland with 1,626. Captain Milner for Ireland, and Captain Gibbs for England, each showed remarkable skill. The most interesting spectacular event on the 19th was the Yeomanry competition for the Loyd-Lindsay. The operations for this involve a ride of three-quarters of a mile, in which three flights of hurdles are included, and the firing by each man of five rounds at 500 and 600 yards. The Mappin competition, for which twenty-seven teams entered, is also an interesting event, involving as it does a run of five

minutes over a course of three-quarters of a mile, and the surmounting of various obstacles, with interludes of firing. On that night there was a good deal of festivity in the Camp, the London Scottish executed a sword-dance by torchlight, and a pathetic song was sung entitled, "Farewell to Wimbledon." On Saturday, the 20th, rain fell all the morning, and everything had a disconsolate appearance. The only shooting done in the morning was that of the various cyclists, but in the afternoon was witnessed the finest spectacular event of the meeting—namely, the competition for the Royal Cambridge Cavalry Shield by various cavalry regiments. In this affair the spectators come to see fine horsemanship; the shooting is a secondary matter. After this everybody adjourned to the enclosure, where the prizes were given away by the Countess of Wharfedale. The first recipient was Mr. Edward Ross, who in 1860 took the first Queen's Prize, and who now takes similar honours for his prowess with the sporting rifle. As Sergeant Reid mounted the *dais* to receive the Queen's Prize the whole assemblage rose to its feet as the band played the "Conquering Hero." Then followed the National Anthem, men uncovering their heads with a feeling of genuine sadness. The music signified not merely the close of the meeting of 1889, but the last of the Wimbledon meetings.

### "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story, by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 101.

### SHAM FIGHT IN JAMAICA

ST. LUCIA is a pretty little town on the north side of Jamaica, lying in a quiet bay. It is surrounded by fertile hills, and there is an abundance of fruit. Ginger, nutmegs, coffee, and sugar are the chief products. While H.M.S. *Forward* was lying at this place, Captain Arthur Furlonger, her commander, took the opportunity of giving his men a little exercise by getting up a sham fight between them and some of the local constabulary. It was arranged that the *Forward* men should land and try to take the fort. Accordingly they landed, reconnoitred, and discovered the enemy concealed behind a small house. Some of them were ordered to wade through the water, and attack the enemy's flank; others advanced over the church wall, and advanced in skirmishing order. The enemy now opened fire, to which the blue jackets replied, and ultimately chased the constabulary up to the fort. Here swords were fixed, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued, ending in a victory for the blue jackets. The battle was followed by a cricket match, *Forward* v. the Victoria Cricket Club, in which the St. Lucians proved the best men.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Joseph Gardener, 8, Vauxhall Walk, Lambeth, S.E.

### THE LOOTED LINEN CHEST

THIS half-page of engravings is from sketches sent to us by Mr. Charles F. Gilbert, Engineer in the Public Works Department, Bassein, Burma. Mr. Gilbert—like his better-known namesake, W. E.—has accompanied his pictures with a poem which is by no means bad of its kind, but as we have no room for it, we must give an outline of his story in plain prose. A couple of thieves, it appears, came by night, and stole a chest from a gentleman's house. On breaking it open, they found to their disgust that it contained no money, but any quantity of linen, table-cloths, dinner-napkins, petticoats, babies' bibs, shirts, cuffs, and collars. However, they made the best of their bargain, and had linen galore, while the unfortunate owner of the property could not even muster a pocket handkerchief. The police came in for a share of the artist's satire because, as sometimes happens in other countries besides Rajpootana, where these incidents occurred, they went about arresting the wrong people.

### NEWMARKET HEATH IN JULY

A WALK or a ride on the Newmarket Heath means, at all times, plenty of fresh air and unlimited views of grassy flats and hills in all directions. All winds have access to the little town in the valley, but on the Heath they are absolute masters. In spring it is often a struggle to reach the "Grand Stand" on foot if the winds confront you, and the less said about bleak October in this respect the better.

Of the seven yearly meetings at Newmarket only the so-called "July week" offers the visitor, as a rule, sport and fine weather combined. The sport is, certainly, of a less excitable nature than at other times, but the galloping on the Heath are then compensations, indeed, to many lovers of Nature; the Cambridge Road, leading to the "July Course" is left to the busses, drags, and traps of all descriptions, the same types of humankind filling these vehicles as you see at other race-meetings, and always at Newmarket, unless, indeed, as is sometimes the case, the Princess of Wales honours the meeting with her presence. Then the road is more crowded, the four-in-hands more numerous, the tolls more choice, and a greater number of ladies (not of a sporting character) are present than at any other time of the year. She is drawn to the course in a "landau" by four horses, the postillions in black livery, and she alone enters the inclosures of the Jockey Club Stand in her carriage. As there is no road properly speaking leading up to the Stand, the path is strewn with new-mown hay to soften the drive, thus, in a manner, a carpet laid before the royal feet.

No carpet could be softer to the feet of man or beast than is the "Heath," where now the sun shines on all sorts and conditions of sporting humanity. With the inevitable cigar in his hand, and the usual pleased expression on his face when in Newmarket, the Prince rides his favourite grey cob through a promiscuous crowd of walkers and riders all bound at different rates of speed for the course away down by the old chalk mounds at the bottom of the Heath. Cadgers, broken-down betting-men, small tradesmen, farmers, besides all Newmarket, is on the tramp. Here, if anywhere—he

But nobody dreams of saluting the Prince. Here, if anywhere—he wishes for, and insists on privacy.

### THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS, V.

See page 107.

### THE SKEENA RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

WE are fond of bragging, in a generic way, of the extent and magnificence of our colonies; but, as a rule, the home-staying English—in this respect they are more blameworthy than either the Scotch or the Irish—are wonderfully ignorant and apathetic about them. Take British Columbia, for example. Of all the British colonies it is, perhaps, the one which has a climate most congenial to our people: the summer is not too hot, nor the winter too cold; there are magnificent forests, the soil will grow every product of the temperate zone, the rivers abound with fish, and the hills with game; yet, though this magnificent country, which is as large as France, is now brought within easy access of the Mother Country by the Canadian Pacific Railway, very few people go thither direct from these over-crowded islands. Most of the colonising, such as it is, is done from the Eastern provinces of the Dominion, or from the United States; and so great is the lack of white labour that the objectionable Mongolian has to be called in to help. These reflections are suggested by our sketches, which depict some of the adventures of an exploring party which proceeded from Port Essington, opposite the Queen Charlotte Islands. The engravings respectively show the



London. In London the barometer was highest (29·95 inches) on Thursday (18th inst.); lowest (29·63 inches) on Sunday (21st inst.); range 0·32 inch. The temperature was highest (71°) on Friday (19th inst.); lowest (48°) on Friday (19th inst.); range 23°. Rain fell on four days. Total fall 0·84 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0·47 inch on Sunday (21st inst.)





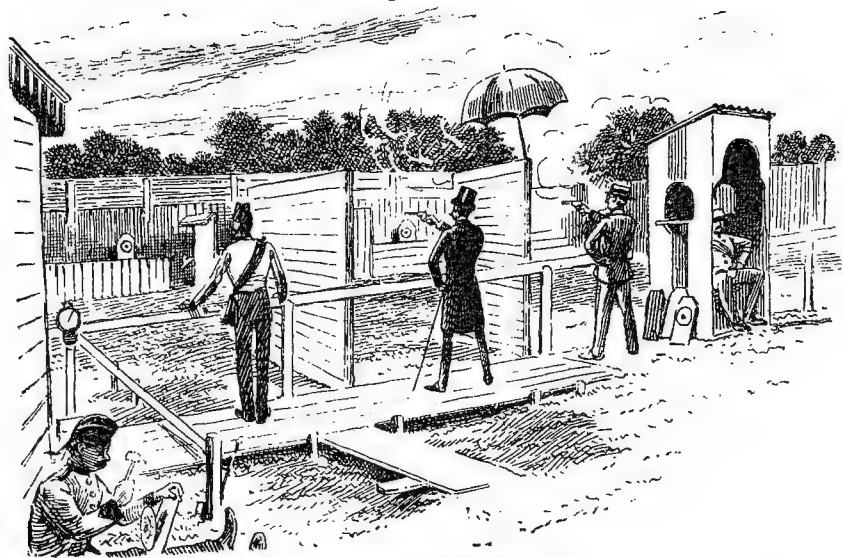
GENERAL VIEW LOOKING FROM WIMBLEDON



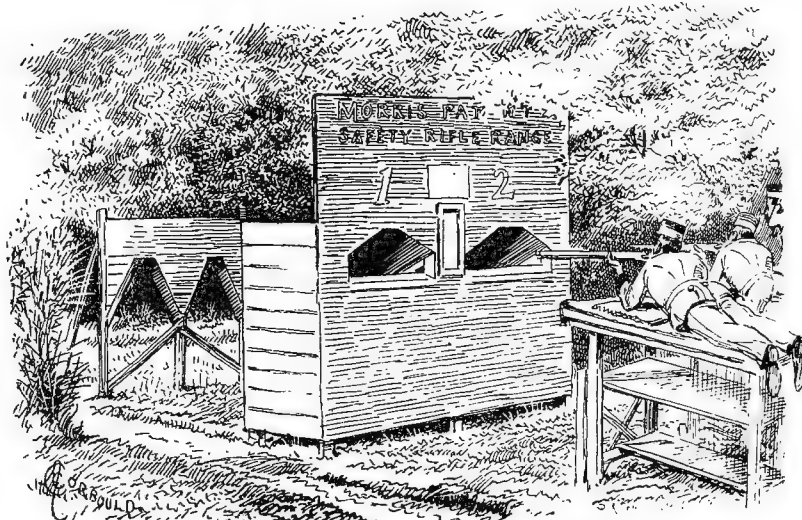
"BUTTON YOUR TUNIC BEFORE FIRING" (STANDING ORDER)



LADY WANTAGE RECEIVES THE AMERICAN TEAM



THE REVOLVER RANGE



THE MORRIS PRIZE—200 YARDS, SEVEN SHOTS



"SHE DOATS ON THE MILITARY"  
PUBLIC SCHOOLS COMPETITION

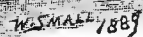


Lord Wantage      Colonel Eaton      Captain Mildmay  
THE THREE GREAT MEN OF WIMBLEDON



SCORING FOR SCOTLAND





Here the pot of foaming stout claimed his attention ; he buried his head in it.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

## CHAPTER II.

## THE GREAT GOD PAN

"If I don't get a secretary," he muttered to himself, "I shall soon be in a madhouse."

Nor did he pay much attention to his breakfast when it was put on the table, for there were newspapers to be opened and glanced through—country journals, most of them, with marked paragraphs conveying the most unexpected, and even startling, intelligence regarding himself, his occupations, and forthcoming engagements. Then there were the book packets and the rolls of music to be examined; but by this time he had lit an after-breakfast cigarette, and was proceeding with something of indifference. Occasionally he strolled about the room, or went to the window and looked down into the roaring highway of Piccadilly or across to the sunny foliage and pale blue mists of the Green Park. And then, in the midst of his vague meditations, he following note was brought to him: it had been delivered by hand:—

'MY DEAR MR. MOORE,—I do so *awfully* want to see you, about a matter of *urgent importance*. Do be good-natured and come and lunch with us—any time before half-past two, if possible. It will be so kind of you. I hope the *morning performance* has done you no harm. Yours sincerely, ADELA CUNYNGHAM.'

Well, luncheon was not much in his way, for he usually dined at five; nevertheless, Lady Adela was an especial friend of his, and had been very kind to him, and here was some serious business. So he hurried through what correspondence was absolutely necessary; he sent word to Green's Stables that he should not ride that morning; he walked round to a certain gymnasium and had three-quarters of an hour with the fencing-master (this was an appointment which he invariably held sacred); on his way back to his rooms he called in at Solomon's for a button-hole; and then, having got home and made certain alterations in his toilet, he went out again, jumped into a hansom, and was driven up to the top of Campden Hill, arriving there shortly after one o'clock.

He found Lady Adela and Miss Georgie Lestrangle in the drawing-room, or rather just outside, on the little balcony overlooking the garden, and neither of them seemed any the worse for that masquerading in the early dawn: indeed, Miss Georgie's naturally fresh and bright complexion flushed a little more than usual when she saw who this new-comer was, for perhaps she was thinking of the very frank manner in which *Damon* had expressed his admiration for *Pastora* but a few short hours ago.

"I have been telling Georgie all about the dresses at the Drawing Room," said the tall young matron, as she gave him her hand, and regarded him with a friendly look; "but that won't interest you, Mr. Moore. We shall have to talk about the new beauties, rather, to interest *you*."

He was a little puzzled.

"I thought, Lady Adela, you said there was something—something of importance —"

"That depends," said she, with a pleasant smile in her clear grey-blue eyes. "I think it of importance; but it remains to be seen whether the world is of the same opinion. Well, I won't keep you in suspense."

She went to the piano, and brought back three volumes plainly bound in green cloth.

He took them from her, and glanced at the titlepage: '*Kathleen's Sweethearts, a Novel, by Lady Arthur Castletown*,' was what he found there.

"So it is out at last," said he, for he had more than once heard of this great work while it was still in progress.

"Yes," said she, eagerly, "though it isn't issued to the public yet. The fact is, Mr. Moore, I want you to help me. You know all

yet. The fact is, Mr. Moore, I want you to help me. You know all about professional people, and the newspapers, and so on—who better?—and of course I'm very anxious about my first book—my first big book, that is—and I don't want it to get just thrown aside, without ever being glanced at. Now what am I to do? You may speak quite freely before Georgie—she's just as anxious as I am, I believe—only what to do we can't tell."

"All that I can think of," said the ruddy-haired young damsel, with a laugh, "is to have little advertisements printed, and I will leave them behind me wherever I go—in the stalls of a theatre, or at a concert, or anywhere. You know, Adela, you can *not* expect me to turn myself into a sandwich-man, and go about the streets between boards."

"Georgie, you're frivolous," said Lady Adela, and she again turned to Lionel Moore, who was still holding the three green volumes in his hands, in a helpless sort of fashion. "You know, Mr. Moore, there are such a lot of books published nowadays—crowds!—shoals!—and, unless there is a little attention drawn beforehand, what chance have you? I want a friend in court—I want several friends in court—and that's the truth; now, how am I to get them?"

This was plain speaking ; but he was none the less bewildered. " You see, Lady Adela, the theatre is so different from the world of letters. I've met one or two newspaper-men now and again, but they were dramatic critics—I never heard that they reviewed books."

"But they were connected with newspapers?—then they must know the men who do," said this alert and intelligent lady.

"Oh, I don't ask for anything unfair! I only ask for a chance. I don't want to be thrown into a corner unread, or sold to the



he said—“Well, if it comes to that, I certainly know one newspaper-man ; in fact, I have known him all my life ; he is my oldest friend. But then he is merely the head of the Parliamentary reporting staff of the *Morning Mirror*—he’s in the Gallery of the House of Commons, you know, every night—and I’m afraid he couldn’t do much about a book.”

"Then you don't object to your own name being mentioned?" asked this simple young man.

Lionel Moore was silent; he was considering how he should approach the fastidious, whimsical, sardonic Maurice Mangan on this extremely difficult subject.

"Certainly, certainly!" said she, with promptitude. "And if you know of any one to whom I should send a copy, with the author's name in it—my own name, I mean—it would be extremely kind of you to let me know. It's so awfully hard for us poor outsiders to get a hearing. You professional folk are in a very different position—the public just worship you—you have it all your own way—you don't need to care what the critics say—but look at *me*! I may knock and knock at the door of the Temple of Fame until my knuckles are sore, and who will take any notice—unless, perhaps, some friendly ear begins to listen? Do you think Mr. Mangan—did you say Mangan?—do you think he would come and dine with us some evening?"

"Oh, he writes books too?" Lady Adela cried. "Then certainly you must bring him to dinner. Shall I write a note now, Mr. Moore—a Sunday evening, of course, so that we may secure you as well—"

"I suppose he eats his dinner like anybody else," said Lady Adela, somewhat sharply: she was not used to having her invitations scorned.

It was late that evening when, in obedience to the summons of a sixpenny telegram, Maurice Mangan called at the stage-door of the New Theatre, and was passed in. Lionel Moore was on the stage—as any one could tell, for the resonant baritone voice was ringing clear above the multitudinous music of the orchestra; but Mangan not wishing to be in the way, did not linger in the wings, he made straight for his friend's room; which he knew. And in the dusk of the long corridor he was fortunate enough to behold a beautiful apparition in the person of a young French officer in the gayest of uniforms, who, apparently to maintain the character he bore in the piece (it was that of a young prisoner of war liberated on parole, who played sad havoc with the hearts of the village maidens by reason of his fascinating ways and pretty broken English), had just facetiously chucked two of the women dressers under the chin; and these damsels were simpering at this mark of condescension, and evidently much impressed by the swagger and braggadocio of the miniature warrior. However, Mlle. Girond (the boy-officer in question) no sooner caught sight of the newcomer than she instantly and demurely altered her demeanour; and as she passed him in the corridor she favoured him with a grave and courteous little bow, for she had met him more than once in Miss Burgoyne's sitting-room. Mangan returned that salutation most respectfully; and then he went on and entered the apartment in which Lionel Moore dressed.

"Half a beast is the great god Pan," this tall, languid-looking man murmured to himself, as he was vacuously staring at those paints and brushes and cosmetics; and then he got up and began to walk indeterminately about the room, his hands behind his back.

"Hallo, Maurice!—you're late," said Harry Normington, as he surrendered himself to his factorum, who forthwith began to strip him of his travelling costume of cocked hat, frogged coat, white leather breeches, and shining black boots in order to make way for the more brilliant attire of the last act.

Mangan rose and went to the mantel-piece and took down

"I have been permitted to hear the echo of her name from those rare altitudes in which you dwell now," the other said lazily. "So she is one of your fashionable acquaintances; and she wants to secure the puff preliminary, and a number of favourable reviews, I suppose; and then you send for me. But what can I do for you except ask one or two of the Gallery men to mention the book in their London Correspondent's letter?" "None!" Lionel Moore cried.

"Her real name?"

"It's nothing of the kind: she would do as much for me, if she knew how, or if there was any occasion."

"Oh, well, it is no great thing," said Mangan, who was really a very good-natured sort of person, despite his supercilious talk. "In fact, you might do her ladyship a more substantial service than that."

"What has that to do with it?" he asked; and then he continued in his indolent fashion. "Why, I thought you knew all about Quirk. Quirk belongs to a band of literary weaklings, not any one of whom can do anything worth speaking of; but they try

"I don't understand you, Maurice!" the young baritone cried, almost angrily. "Again and again you've spoken of Octavius Quirk as if he were beneath contempt."

"I don't know," said *Harry Thornhill*, who had changed quickly, and was now regaling himself with a little of Miss Burgoyne's lemonade, with which the prima donna was so kind as to keep him supplied. "Well, now, I shall be on the stage some time: what do you say to looking over Lady Adela's novel?"

"Look here, Maurice; if you should find anything in the book—anything you could say a word in favour of—I wish you'd come round to the Garden Club with me, after the performance, and have a bit of supper. Octavius Quirk is almost sure to be there."

"Oh, yes," Maurice Mangan said; and forthwith, as his friend left the dressing-room, he plunged into Lady Adela's novel.

Mangan turned round, rather bewildered ; and then he recollected that he had been glancing at the novel.

"But, look here, Maurice," Lionel said, in considerable surprise, "I don't see how it can be so very stupid, when Lady Adela herself is one of the brightest, cleverest, shrewdest, most intelligent women you could meet with anywhere—quite unusually so."

"That may be; but she is not the first clever woman who has

"And what am I to say to Octavius Quirk?"

"I've seen him do pretty well at the Garden, especially about two in the morning," was the young baritone's comment; and then, as he began to get into his ordinary attire, he said—"To tell you the truth, Maurice, Lady Adela rather hinted that she would like to be pleased to make the acquaintance of any—of any literary man—"

"No, no, Linn, my boy; thank you all the same. I say," he continued, as he took up his hat and stick, seeing that Lionel was about ready to go, "do you ever hear from Miss Francis Wright?"

about ready to go, "do you ever hear from Miss Frankie Wright, or have you forgotten her among all your fine friends?"

"Oh, I hear from Francie sometimes," he answered, carelessly, "or about her, anyway, whenever I get a letter from home. She's very well. Boarding out pauper sick children is her new fad; and I believe she's very busy, and very happy over it. Come along, Maurice; we'll walk up to the Garden, and get something of an appetite for supper."

"What for supper, Maurice?" the younger of the two friends asked.

"Anything—with salad," Mangan answered: he was examining a series of old engravings that hung around the walls.

Supper was speedily forthcoming, and as they took their places Mangan said—

"You don't often go down to see the old people, Linn?"

"Has Miss Francie ever been up to the theatre—to see *The Squire's Daughter*, I mean?"—this question he seemed to put rather diffidently.

"What does she think of the great name and fame you have made for yourself?"

"How should I know?"

Then there was silence for a second or two.

"I wish you'd run down to see them some Sunday, Linn: I'd go down with you."

"Why not go down by yourself?—they'd be tremendously glad to see you."

"I should be more welcome if I took you with me. You know your cousin likes you to pay a little attention to the old people. Come! Say Sunday week."

"My dear fellow, Sunday is my busiest day! Sunday night the only night I have out of the seven. And I fancy that it is for that very Sunday evening that Lord Rockminster has engaged the Lansdowne Gallery: he gives a little dinner-party, and his sisters have a big concert afterwards—we've all got to sing the chorus of the new marching-song that Lady Sybil has composed for the army."

"The sister of the authoress whose novel you were reading."

"There's a third," said Lionel, with a bit of a smile. "What would you say if Lady Rosamund Bourne were to paint a portrait of *Myself* for the Royal Academy?"

"Ah, you're unjust, Maurice: you don't know them. I dare say you judged that novel by some high literary standard that it does not pretend to reach. I am sure of this, that if it's half as clever as the other, it will do very well."

"It will do very well for the kind of people who will read it," said the other, indifferently.

This was a free-and-easy place : when they had made Lionel Moore lit a cigarette, and his friend a briar-root pipe, with out moving from the table ; and Mangan's prayer was still that his companion should fix Sunday week for a visit to the little Surrey village where they had been boys together, and where Lionel's father and mother (to say nothing of a certain Miss Francis Wren, whose name cropped up more than once in Mangan's talk) were still living. But during this entreaty Lionel's attention happened to be attracted to the glass-door communicating with the hail ; and instantly he said, in an undertone—

"Haven't I told you?" said Mangan curtly. "Get your friends to feed him."

Nevertheless this short, fat man who now strode  
and nodded briefly to these two acquaintances, speedily showed  
that on occasion he knew how to feed himself. He called a waiter  
and ordered an underdone beefsteak with Spanish onions, toast  
cheese to follow, and a large bottle of stout to begin with; then  
took the chair at the head of the table, thus placing himself next  
Lionel Moore.

"A very empty den to-night," observed this man, with a heavy face, watery blue eyes, lank hair plentifully streaked with grey, and unwholesome complexion would not have produced a favourable impression on any one unacquainted with his life and gifts and graces.

Lionel agreed; and then followed a desultory conversation, in which he said nothing in particular, though Mr. Octavius Quirk was doing his best to say clever things and show off his boisterous humor. Indeed, it was not until that gentleman's very substantial arm was being brought in that Lionel got an opportunity of artfully introducing the subject of Lady Adela Cartwright's disappearance. "Anything," he said, "explaining the matter?"

asking him whether he had heard anything of Lady Arthur's forthcoming novel. He was about to proceed to explain ham's forthcoming novel. He was about to proceed to explain 'Lady Arthur Castletown' was only a pseudonym when he interrupted by Octavius Quirk bursting into a roar—a some-

"Well, of all the phenomena of the day, that is the most curious," he cried, "—the so-called aristocracy thinking that they can produce anything in the shape of art or literature. The aristocracy—the most exhausted of all our exhausted social strata—what can they expect from it? Why, we haven't anywhere now-a-days either



on her head, telling her that it was her property—a valuable g

remarkable person, and those who care to know more about him can now study his career at leisure in Mr. Harrington O'Reilly's book, "Fifty Years on the Trail" (Chatto and Windus). Mr. O'Reilly is, in this work, little more than the scribe. Nelson himself is the

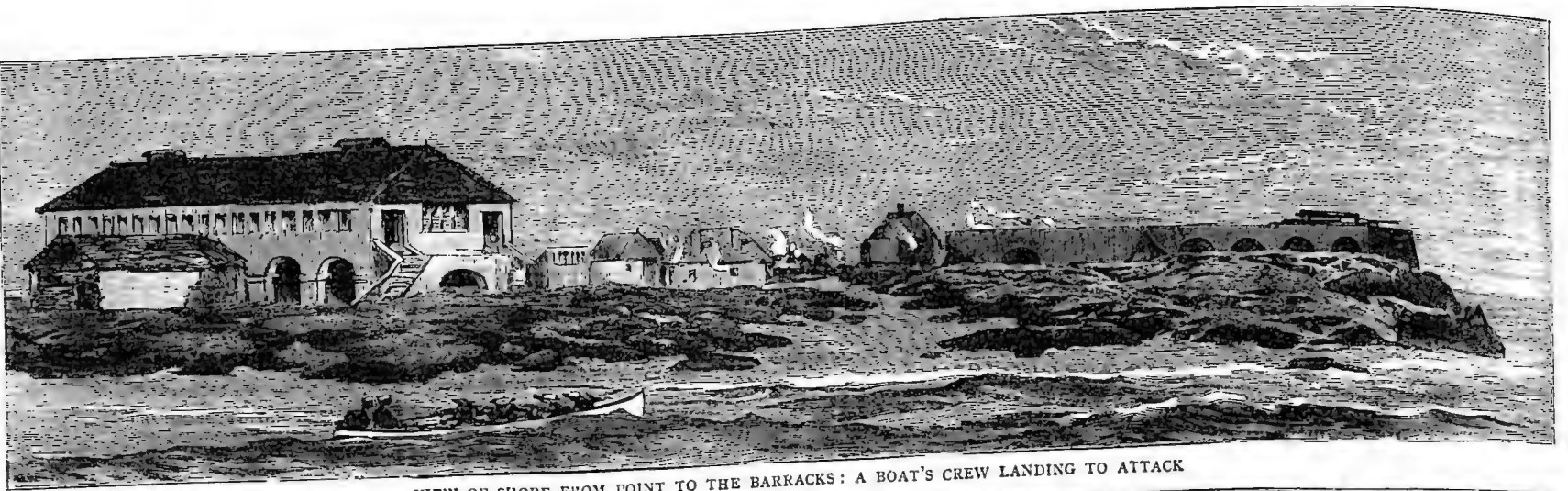
Mr. Edwin Goadby's book "The England of Shakespeare" (Cassell and Co.) has reached a second edition. It is a thorough study of the social aspects of the England of Elizabeth, and the simple reader, little read in history, will here find the thing put easily and attractively. To read the book carefully will certainly add a fresh interest to the study of Shakespeare's plays.

To review the reviewers is never an interesting pastime, but Mr. William D. O'Connor set himself to the task with great energy in "Mr. Donnelly's Reviewers" (Chicago: Belford, Clarke, and Co.). It appears that Mr. O'Connor died before the publication of this book, which is an assault upon all those critics who were not convinced by the arguments set forth by Mr. Donnelly in "The Great Cryptogram" in favour of the Baconian authorship of the

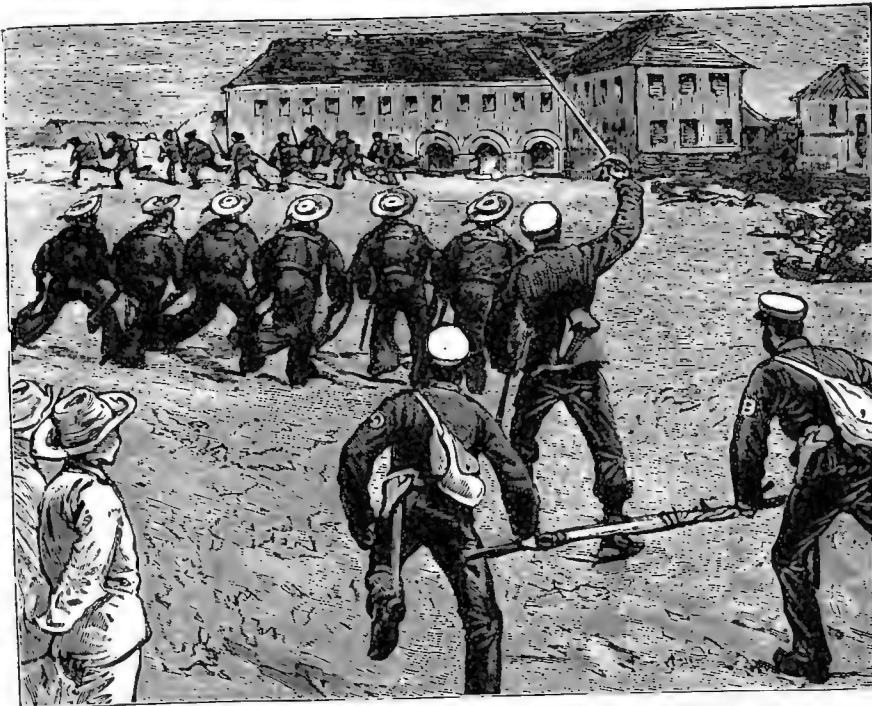
(To be continued)

AN INDIAN VICTORIAN JUBILEE MEMORIAL was picturesquely inaugurated recently at Bhowanigger. New water-works were chosen as the form of the memorial, and when the Maharajah opened the works, he placed one of the large silver chatties (water pots), belonging to the palace under the stand-pipe, and let the water flow into the receptacle. Then he beckoned one of the Brahmin women, who were looking on, and had the chattie placed on her head, telling her that it was her property—a valuable gift.





VIEW OF SHORE FROM POINT TO THE BARRACKS: A BOAT'S CREW LANDING TO ATTACK

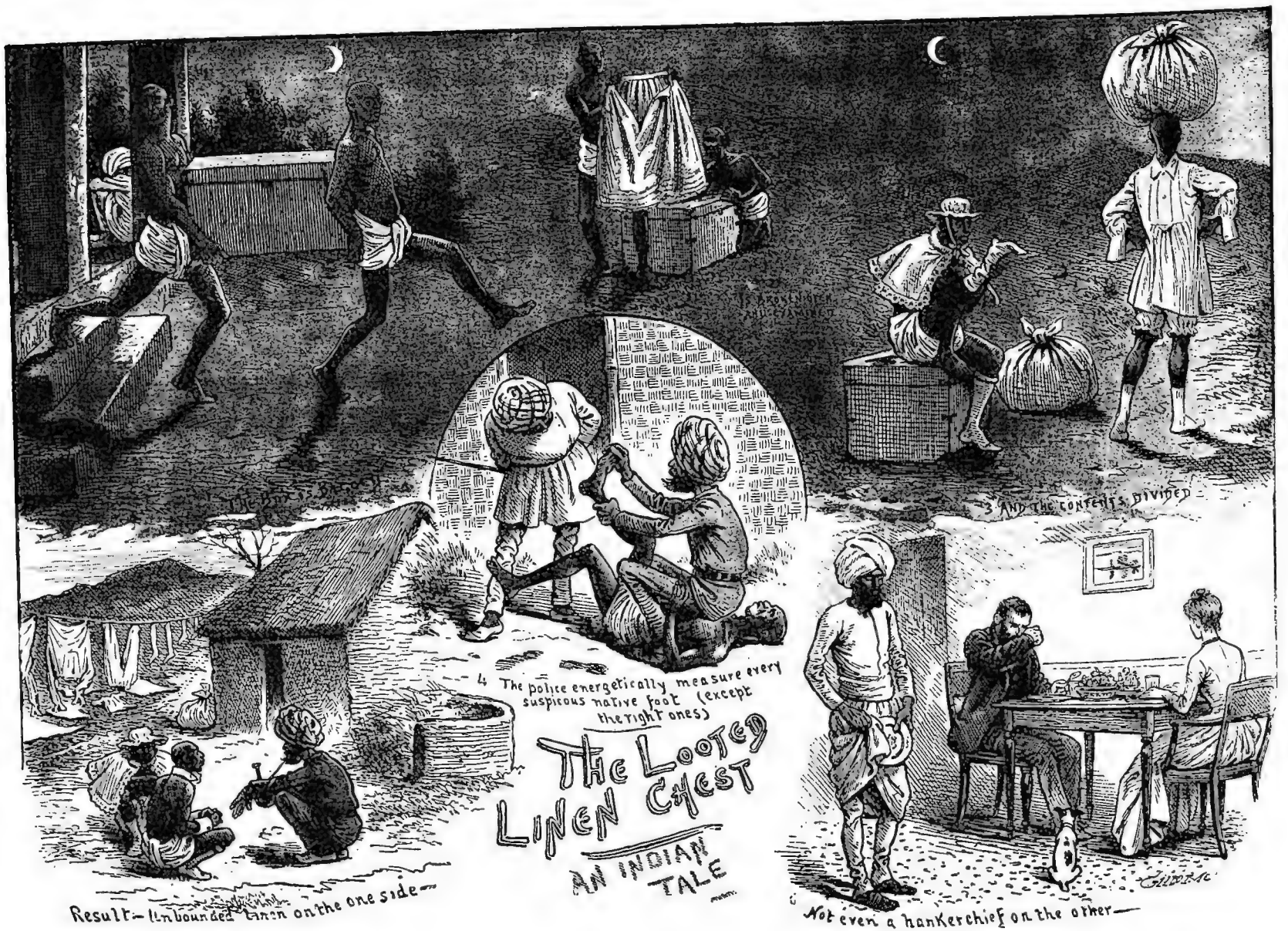


ATTACK IN THE OPEN: THE ENEMY RETIRING TOWARDS THE FORT ARE SURPRISED BY THE FIRE OF THE RIGHT SECTION



THE FINAL CHARGE AND LAST RALLY

SHAM FIGHT IN JAMAICA BETWEEN MEN OF H.M.S. "FORWARD" AND THE CONSTABULARY







NEWMARKET HEATH IN JULY—THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKES A BRIEF HOLIDAY



Build humbly a high music from within,  
With pain and pleasure, righteousness and sin.



## BIG SALMON: HOW THEY GROW

AMONG the salmon-fishing chronicles of the season one will be found which records the capture of a seventy-pounder! That fish was taken in the River Tay, and is the second largest which has been taken in that stream, a salmon weighing two pounds more than the one just referred to. Heavier fish than either of these have, however, been captured. I once measured an example of *salmo salar* taken in a Scottish stream which was a veritable giant, weighing eighty pounds, and Yarell, in his work on the natural history of fishes, refers to a salmon once exhibited by Mr. Groves, a London fishmonger, which weighed three pounds more than the one just referred to. A visit to the Museum of Economic Fish-culture at South Kensington, where casts of "Bluegown" and other large salmon are exhibited, will convince even the most incredulous that these valuable table fish, if permitted, will attain large dimensions, and attain (for a wild animal) a considerable age, but no one has yet been able to say what precise age any salmon of a given weight or size may have attained on the day of its death. Naturalists and fishery economists have alike been puzzled over this problem in natural history, and yet man has the power of examining the salmon at all seasons of the year. It being one of the fish which come and go from river to sea, and from sea to river, many opportunities are presented of noting its habits of life and rate of growth, especially during the winter months, when it can be seen on its spawning-bed.

Some attempts have, however, been from time to time made—chiefly with a view to determine disputed facts in the natural history of the fish—to note the rate at which a salmon grows during the earlier stages of its career. At the very outset of its life we are able to face with one of the most curious problems of animal existence ever offered for solution—namely, the circumstance that of two fishes born on the same day (of the same spawning, that is to say) one is almost certain to arrive at a given weight twelve months before the other! This initial problem of salmon growth has puzzled the most learned inquirers for these sixty years past. No feature in connection with the salmon breeding which for so long a period was carried on at Stormontfield was thought more remarkable than the one which showed that, of a given number of young salmon, only one half became imbued with the desire to find their way to the sea at the end of twelve months from the date of hatching, the other moiety remaining as parr for another year, or, as some naturalists have maintained, for even a longer period.

The "par controversy," as it was called—namely, the question when par changed into smolts—raged for a long time, parties being much divided on every phase of it. At one period it was a current belief, even among those well versed in the natural history of fish of the salmon kind, that the smolt was the young or fry of the salmon in the first year of its age. Now, of course, we know better, as it has been proved many times over that the first stage of that fish is the par, and that a smolt is a young salmon in the second or third year of its age. So far, then, the growth of the fish is slow enough. At the end of twelve months from the date of hatching a salmon is a little thing, less indeed than a man's middle finger, and weighing probably little more than an ounce, and may remain about that size for another year. But, if some experiments which were entered upon in connection with the River Tay breeding ponds can be relied upon, the salmon's power of growth develops with great rapidity after the tiny smolt has changed to the smolt and departed to the sea. There is, however, an *if* in the matter which cannot be ignored, and which asserts itself as a factor in all the conclusions that have been arrived at regarding the growth of the salmon in the earlier stages of its life. It may be stated briefly as follows:—The destruction of young fish on their first visit to the sea is so enormous that, in the words of some who have given the matter their attention, not one smolt in a hundred that reaches "ocean's green domain" lives to come back again to the scene of its birth as a grilse, or young salmon. The mortality, in fact, among the sea-going shoal is enormous, a countless horde of enemies lying instinctively in wait for the young fish at the mouth of every salmon river. In the face then of this mortality don't has been thrown on the Stormontfield experiments, the number of smolts marked being too few to realise the results which were published as having been obtained.

One of the statements made by the authorities who, at the time, had charge of the Stormontfield breeding ponds was that of the one fish in every hundred of the number—over two thousand—that left Stormontfield in the smolt stage in a given year marked by the abscission of the second dorsal fin, twenty-two were captured on their return with their wounds well skinned over, and in some instances covered by scales! Taking it for granted that three thousand smolts would be marked, and that thirty of these were marked in the particular mode indicated, it is nothing less than wonderful that so many as twenty-two of the number should have been recaptured within, say three months of their departure from the breeding ponds. Accepting the statement, however, as being correct, and the *bona fides* of those engaged in the business of marking cannot for a moment be doubted, we are brought face to face with the remarkable fact that, within a space of about ten weeks a smolt weighing, let us say, two ounces leaves Stormontfield salmon nursery for the sea, and comes back a fine-grown salmon of five, seven, or nine pounds, as the case may be, placing the weights in round figures; one fish, captured on the 31st of July, having upon it the pond mark, had attained a large size, and pulled down the scale at nine pounds nine ounces! The food of these fish when in the sea must be plentiful and rich to bring them into a condition of such value in less than three months. Had not the men who conducted these experiments been above suspicion, doubts of a grave kind would have been advanced as to such a miracle of fish-growth having been achieved; as it is, there are men who say that the fish captured may have been doctored in order to obtain the reward offered by the Stormontfield authorities for the production of any of their marked smolts. Judged by the rates of growth just indicated—two pounds per month—a seventy pound salmon will not have attained the fifth year of its age.

In certain experiments conducted by a former Duke of Athole in order to find out if grilse became young salmon, it was found, by means of carefully marking a certain number of fish, that these animals grew at a rapid rate, and increased several pounds in weight in the course of three or four months, which corroborates to some extent the Stormontfield experiments. Two or three circumstances have also been noted tending to prove even if mistakes had been made in the matter of the smolts, that salmon, when they do start growing, grow with great rapidity. A Tay angler lost in the early days of one season a fish which, so far as he could guess, would weigh some twelve or thirteen pounds, that fish—he was convinced it was the same salmon—was taken from the water during the spawning season in a dying condition, and there was found in it the mark of a peculiar make with which it had made its escape from the angler. When placed on the scale, lank and emaciated as it was, it weighed nineteen pounds, but, judging by its build, would have been five pounds more had it been in a healthy condition. A similar story was related a few years ago by a Tweed fisher, of a bull trout having attained an increase of thirteen pounds in weight in the course of about fifteen months.

The time-table of the salmon has never yet been filled in with such a degree of accuracy as would give room for argument. Taking the case of the smolts which left Stormontfield in May and came back in July as young salmon, the question may be asked (regarding such of them as were not captured to be killed), if they were then seeking a spawning place, or, if before doing so, they made another

voyage to the sea? It is not usual for such fish to have their roes and milts developed to any extent till about October, and from the end of that month to the beginning of January the work of reproduction goes briskly forward. What has most puzzled those who take an interest in the salmon fisheries is where the salmon come from that begin to ascend the rivers from the sea when the time for fishing has again come round. Have they been in the sea during the winter, and are they ready to repeat the story of their birth, or are they simply on pleasure bent, because they have ample time to reach their spawning resorts, before their roe is sufficiently developed for spawning? These and a dozen other questions require to be answered before we can hope to have an "informed" biography of *Salmo salar*. Meantime, the conclusion that has been arrived at by two or three anxious inquirers as to the rate of growth is that (it is found to differ in different fish), as a general rule, a salmon increases at the rate of from seven to eight pounds in the course of a year.

ELLANGOWAN

## THE VICTORIA JUBILEE TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, BOMBAY

THIS establishment was opened on April 10th by Lord Reay, the Governor of Bombay, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Lady Reay, and other persons of distinction. The Institution, as its name implies, has been founded for the purpose of affording technical instruction to the natives in that part of India. A Government grant was promised, but large funds were also required, and munificent aid was given in the form of land and buildings by Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit. A fairly com-

NOWROSJEE N. WADIA, C.I.E.,  
Honorary SecretaryTHE HON. F. FORBES ADAM, C.I.E.,  
Chairman

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDING

plete equipment of tools and machinery has now been provided, thus enabling students to pass through the various sections of pattern-making, founding, smithy work, turning, and erecting engines and important machines. Generous gifts of textile and other appliances have been also made by various English firms. Provision is now made in the Engineering Department for the technical education of 240 students. We give a portrait of the Hon. F. Forbes Adam, Chairman of the Institute, for the welfare of which, in spite of his numerous other engagements, he has worked unremittingly. We also engrave a portrait of Mr. Nowrosjee N. Wadia, the hon. secretary, to whom we are indebted for the photographs from which our engravings are taken. The Principal of the Institute is Mr. J. P. Phythian, C.E.



MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—A very well compiled little pamphlet is, "Time, Rhythm, and Expression," by Louis B. Prout; a much useful information is given in a concise form.—No. I. of a series of "Twelve Two-Part Songs" for equal treble voices, words by various authors, music by Alfred Redhead, is "Summer," the by-words poetry is by "Rea"; this duet should be learned by heart and sung at rural outdoor gatherings.—Three songs of more than ordinary merit, published in three keys, are "Lusitania," written and composed by Wilfrid Mills and Edward St. Quintin; "Doctor Cupid," a naive little serio-comic song, words by Clifton Bingham, music by Michael Watson; and "The Ship Was Saved By Laughing!" a lively tale of the sea, words by Philip Dayson, music by Edward M. Chesham.—There is much clever work in No. I. of Six Movements from Haydn's String Quartets, "Adagio in E flat," transcribed for the pianoforte in a musicianly manner by Adolphe Schloesser.—"The Court Favourite," a dance tune, of a lively yet dignified character, composed by Michael Watson, is a pleasing piece for the drawing-room.—Book III. of "Short Original Voluntaries" for the American organ and harmonium, or organ, by Alfred Redhead, contains twelve very good and brief pieces. We learn from a note that "The subjects have been selected with a view of making them useful for church or home use."

FREDERICK PITMAN.—"Fantasia from Benedict's *Lily of the Valley*" for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, composed by E. Howell, will give pleasure alike in the concert-room and the drawing-room, more especially in the latter place, where it will conjure up memories of its popular composer, who was one of the most refined and safest accompanists of his day.—Two good and danceable waltzes are, "Lindenblüthen Valse," by Dorothy Carmen; and "Claribel Waltz," by Marie Phillips.

C. JEFFERYS.—A small volume which should find a place in the repertory of every organist is "A Complete Set of Offertory Sentences," some of which may be used as short anthems, by T. E. Spinney. Two of these brief compositions well contrasted would prove a welcome substitute for the ordinary hymn. They are arranged for S. A. T. B., and are free from technical difficulties.

## THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS, V.

## THE SLOPE OF LUDGATE HILL

ONE of the most tantalising failures in the efforts of the visitor to London is the endeavour to get a complete revelation of St. Paul's Cathedral from the slope of Ludgate Hill. Such view as could once be obtained of it from the hill's foot, near the former course of the Fleet Ditch, is now shut out by the ugly railway bridge, in the neighbourhood of which the engine-drivers set free the gasps and screams that sicken and appal the unaccustomed wayfarer. Sir Christopher Wren, not having in his day the authority to defy vested interests, was obliged to abandon his design of making the building a grand central object in an open space at the intersection of four great main thoroughfares, forming a broad cross. Indifference and renewed vested interests have ever since prevented the opening up of Ludgate Hill so completely as to show more than a portion of the great edifice. Still, from time to time old buildings have been removed, the thoroughfare has been widened, and at the present

moment a whole projecting slice of obstructive shops is coming down.

The scene on Ludgate Hill at high noon as viewed from the top of an omnibus is, in a London sense, picturesque, and to a visitor is exciting and significant. To a reflective observer there is something peculiarly suggestive in the unceasing procession of foot passengers that crowds the pavements—the struggling throng and sometimes apparently inextricable confusion of omnibuses, cabs, carriages, railway carriers' vans, carts, hucksters' barrows, printers' trucks, and every description and variety of vehicle—in a locality which, in spite of modern changes and improvements, still has an old-world aspect, and is surrounded by quaint and interesting localities associated with the stories of past generations. Straight before us, near the church of St. Martin, is the site where the old Lud Gate once stood, at once a portal and a prison. It was reported to have been built by King Lud sixty-six years before the Christian era. In 1215, when the Barons entered London to compel John to grant the Great Charter, they pulled down a few of the Jews' houses on their way, and the stones thereof were used to rebuild the City walls, and particularly Lud Gate, which will account for the discovery, when the gate was again rebuilt in the time of Elizabeth, of a stone bearing a Hebrew sign or memorial of one Rabbi Moses, the son of Rabbi Isaac. When this second restoration was made the statues of King Lud and his two sons in Roman costume were placed in a niche on the east side, and a statue of Queen Elizabeth on the west. When the gate was pulled down in 1762 the latter was placed in a niche in the outer wall of the old Church of St. Dunstan, Fleet Street.

On the right, on ascending the hill, but near the river, stood the gloomy pile of Baynard Castle, close to the hythe, or harbour, known lately as Queenhithe, but perhaps originally Quern or Corn Hithe, the harbour where the wheat ships discharged their cargoes, and near which were flour mills (querns) for grinding the corn. At the bottom of St. Andrew's Hill was Puddle Dock, and near it the Royal Wardrobe (of which the name remains in Wardrobe Street), the depository for the Royal "duds" and the materials from which they were made—an account of such things belonging to Edward IV. being preserved in the Harleian Collection.

On the left—as in the present day—were the head-quarters of the stationers and booksellers, whose trade was greatly in illuminated missals and church-books, the localities being fitly named Amen Corner, Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row. In Ivy Lane were the pretentious houses, and the place took its name from the ivy growing on their walls. In this precinct there are still to be found some remains of cheerful greenery and several goodly trees, notably in Stationers' Hall Court, where, in the great plane tree, the notes of a cuckoo were heard not very long ago. The hall of the Guild or Company of Stationers is a place to visit because of its interesting associations, and its portraits of London worthies, among which is that of Richardson the novelist, who was Master of the Company in 1754.





THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS, V.  
LUDGATE HILL



## MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, M.P.

MR. R. P. BRUCE (Liberal) having resigned his seat for West Fife owing to ill-health, a contest for the vacancy took place between Mr. Augustine Birrell (Gladstonian) and Mr. Wemyss (Conservative Home Ruler), in which the former gained the victory by 793 votes. Mr. Birrell is the youngest son of the Rev. Charles Mitchell Birrell, a Nonconformist Minister at Liverpool. He was born in 1851, was educated at the London University and at Trinity Hall,



Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1875. He had already, in 1875, unsuccessfully contested the Walton Division of Liverpool, but he is best known to the public as the author of two volumes of sprightly little essays, entitled *Obiter Dicta*. Mr. Birrell has been twice married; first, in 1878, to Margaret Louisa, daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Mirrlees, of Castle Hill, Scotland; and, secondly, in 1888, to Eleanor, daughter of Mr. F. Locker-Lampson, and widow of the Hon. Lionel Tennyson. Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.



THE SEASON has become very unsettled, and although the rye has begun to be cut, harvest, generally speaking, is not more than two or three days nearer than it was a week ago. The fall in the temperature, the absence of continued bright light, and the frequent chilling showers have made the recent progress towards maturity very slow. It is impossible to perceive any increase on the week in the hardness of the grains in the wheat ears. More heat is the requirement of the wheatfield, and dry weather is needed for all the cereal crops, and also for fruit and potatoes. The rains which fell have been, of course, not without their utility on other than grain-producing lands. Hill pastures, stated to have been looking quite baked and brown early in the month, are green again, and the smaller rivulets, which simply disappear with a summer like that of 1887, are now in full flow and feeding the larger streams. A daily contemporary "learns from a dairy district that milch cows were falling off seriously in their yield, and that butter had advanced from 10½d. to 1s. 1d. per lb., but the country has enjoyed a nice soak since, and the lacteal fountains have been filled again." A correspondent at Boston, Lincolnshire, writes us that the wheat looks clean and healthy, and the beans have escaped insect pests. Potatoes have a remarkably vigorous growth. Hay has been quite 20 per cent. over an average crop. From Norwich a correspondent writes to say that the wheat yield may fairly be reckoned to 15 per cent. more than last year, which was, however, quite 10 per cent. under an average. The barley and oat crops promise to be of excellent quality, and of at least average bulk in East Anglia. Beans are good, but peas only mediocre. The turnips are spoken of as the best plant for many years, and the hay as "the biggest crop of splendid quality known for years past." Passing to the other side of the island, a trustworthy observer writes from near Bristol that in Somersetshire and Gloucestershire wheat is sadly laid by storms, but is otherwise a very fine crop. Oats, beans, and peas are very uneven crops, and barley is often rather a failure. Hay has been very good, and potatoes are of fine promise and free from disease. A Devonshire correspondent says, briefly, "Wheat over an average. Barley heavy crop. Oats rather poor."

SCOTLAND reports wheat looking very well in the Lowlands. Oats often short of straw, and thin on the ground, but a good many fine fields are to be met with, and the season is one in which high farming is paying. Potatoes promise an excellent crop, and early-sown turnips are a big yield, while the late sown have benefited greatly by the recent rains. Hay is a heavy crop. North of Forth and Clyde wheat is reckoned 15 per cent., and barley 5 to 10 per cent. over an average crop; oats about an average. Beans and peas are unusually excellent crops. On the other hand potatoes, which are of fine promise in the Lowlands, are rather under average in the North. Turnips are likely to be a very big yield, a matter of the utmost importance to the Northern farmers. Hay from the shores of Fife to those of Ross is one of the finest crops on record.

THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES are doing good work in their Shows, which are at least as well managed as the regional Exhibitions in France under Government auspices. This much may be allowed to the Duke of Richmond, but when his Grace goes on to claim that there is no need for a Government Department of Agriculture, all the work being "covered" by the private Societies, it is necessary to point out: 1. That they neglect Agricultural Education, or fail egregiously as the Royal Agricultural Society of England has done in their efforts to promote it. 2. That while largely effacing the tenant farmer before the landed proprietor, they absolutely ignore the agricultural labourer. 3. That they farm no land for the trial of experiments, so that but for such patriotic scientists as Sir John Lawes and the Duke of Bedford, we should be sadly weak in our knowledge of the practical bearings of agricultural chemistry. It must finally be conceded that however much advertisement may have been at the bottom of it, the three or four great seed firms known to all our readers have done vastly more to introduce new agricultural plants, to cross-breed and develop

cereals, to raise the normal prolificacy of cereals, to increase the size and weight of roots, and to improve our pastures, than all the agricultural societies put together.

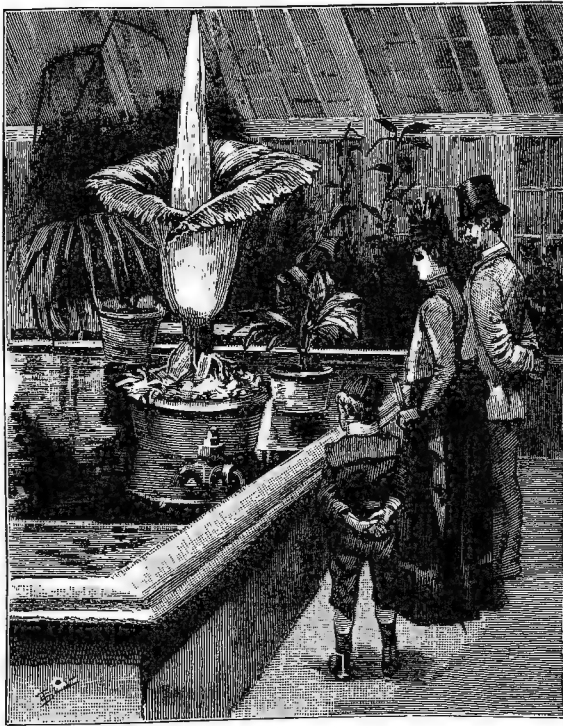
THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE SHOW just held has been only a partial success. The cattle are lumped into one big class, and the result is to discourage all. That some fine Jerseys and some excellent dairy cows were shown was satisfactory, but so long as this jumble continues the cattle-classes are bound to be a scene of confusion, and, generally, of disappointment. The sheep were good, Southdowns being excellent, Suffolk blackfaced fair, Hampshire and Oxfordshire Downs satisfactory. The agricultural horses were a numerous and interesting display.

THE SUFFOLK SHOW at Lowestoft was remarkably like that held by the Cambridge farmers at March for the excellent entries of agricultural horses, no fewer than sixty-six animals, mostly of very high merit, being shown. It must, however, be stated that the extraordinary extent to which Suffolk breeders seem content to pay forfeit gives their show a very queer aspect. Thus there were thirty-one absent stalls, or nearly every third stall was empty. The show of red-poll cattle was both large and of high quality. The Short-horns were a small but fine show. Suffolk blackfaced sheep were admirably represented, and their hardy, healthy habit enables them to fully hold their own against all the fashionable breeds of Down sheep.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The price of English wheat in the London market is now very low, 28s. 9d. being the last average quoted, or 6d. below that of the entire kingdom.—The receipts of wheat and flour into London for the first six months of 1889 were 2,050,000 qrs.—The sale of oats during the past three months has been unusually good for the time of year.—The healthy condition of live-stock throughout the country is a matter of general congratulation.—Strawberries, after being a very good crop of fine quality, went off very rapidly, owing to the washing rains.—Sales of British wheat since harvest are estimated as having equalled 6,829,233 qrs. for the forty-five completed weeks of the present cereal year.

## "AMORPHOPHALLUS TITANUM"

THE flowering of this extraordinary plant in the Victoria House, Royal Gardens, Kew, is certainly what the *Gardeners' Chronicle* calls it, an "unique event in the history of horticulture." An account of this vegetable phenomenon was published by Beccari, the celebrated Italian botanist and traveller, in the columns of the journal above mentioned for December 21st, 1878. Perhaps Beccari is the only European who has seen the *Amorphophallus* in question in a wild state; he discovered it in Western Sumatra, and, strangely enough, side by side with a *Kafflesia*, another extremely curious plant. The flower, or rather inflorescence, produced at Kew, is the first which has been seen away from the Sumatran jungles. Fancy an inflorescence nearly seven feet high, and, at the moment of its expansion, four feet across. Unfortunately few persons saw



it at this stage, for it opened fully about nine o'clock one night and the next morning the deep purplish velvety red of the inside of the spathe had turned up and gradually enveloped the cone-like spadix. Like many of its allies, the stench when the flowers were ready for fertilisation was very foul indeed, but a few hours sufficed for this to entirely disappear. The *Amorphophallus* is a member of the *Aroid* family, of which the common "Lords and Ladies," or "Cuckoo Tint," of our British hedgerows is a familiar example. The solitary leaf is not developed at the same time as the flowers; the strangely-marked stalk, about ten feet high and a foot in thickness is not less remarkable in aspect than the inflorescence. A life-sized painting of the plant, as discovered by Beccari, is to be seen on the roof of Museum No. III. at Kew. In conclusion we may state that the specimen figured in these pages was presented to the Kew establishment exactly ten years ago by the friend of Beccari, the Marchese Corsi-Salvati, of Florence; at that time the tuber, which, before being potted last autumn weighed 57 lbs., was about the size of a pigeon's egg.—Our artist has to express his thanks to Miss Matilda Smith, of the Herbarium, Kew, for her courteous assistance in enabling him to make a drawing of the flower.

## CUTTING THROUGH THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH

You must get up very early in the morning if you want to go by rail from Athens to Corinth and back again the same day; however, in the "middle summer's spring" of Attica, early rising cannot rank with the heroic virtues, and we accordingly felt neither morose nor self-righteous beyond our wont, although we crossed the Plateia Toú Suntagmatos (*Place de la Constitution*) before the workmen laying down flag-stones there (quarried from Lykabéttos) had finished a breakfast of bread and olives and large green lettuce. Three hours more brought us nearly to the end of our sixty miles' journey, whence it may be seen that Greek trains do not always merit the accusation of abnormal slowness commonly brought against them. On this line, indeed, with its sharp curves and steep gradients, high-pressure speed would be dangerous, and, even if it were not so, would be desired by no traveller who appreciates the magnificent scenery through which he is passing. His unintercepted views of this are in a great measure due to the circum-

stance that Greece, having but a limited capital to expend upon her railways, generally eschews with Spartan rigour the costly luxuries of cuttings and tunnels. Thus, here, instead of rushing and roaring in and out of smoky smothery blacknesses, we ran *sub Jove* all the way, keeping close along the high shores of the Saronic Gulf, which glistened on the left hand in every shade of blue, from richest gentian to faintest harebell, flecked now and then with a snowy gleam, where some small boat hoisted her white sail curled like a Venus's ear.

Long before we reached Corinth we had come in sight of other snow-gleams shining in silvery streaks about the summits of mountain-ranges which rose to the south and west; but our immediate approach to the Isthmus was marked by elevations of more recent origin, the earth-mounds formed of *débris*—we forget how many million tons in weight—from the new Corinthian Canal. Bare, brown, and smooth these lay baking in the hot noon sunbeams, like a ridge furrowed up by some Titanic ploughshare, though, as a matter of fact, they are the less abrupt result of nearly nine years' delving on the part of about two thousand labourers, chiefly Montenegrins, Albanians, and Italians. For two or three *kilomètres* they interposed between us and the Canal, and then came the iron bridge, which, crossing it at a height not far short of 150 feet, will admit the passage beneath of the loftiest mast. At this point, whence you look almost from one end of the straight trench to the other, it can be seen how closely the work has advanced to completion. The stalk of the mulberry-leaf is very nearly severed; the Island of Pelops will soon be an island indeed, and the world minus one more peninsula.

Or are we, perhaps, assuming too large a liberty of prophesying? seeing that at the present moment operations are suspended for lack—in Greece ever a most plentiful lack—of requisite funds, and that upon the day of our visit the place lay quite still and deserted, stagnating in a literally "want-begotten rest." Is History about to repeat itself in yet another jest without a smile from anybody, least of all the shareholders in the *Société Internationale du Canal Maritime de Corinthe*? Are the plans of nineteenth-century engineers destined to "gang a-gley" no less than those of Hadrian's, and of Cæsar's, and of Nero's, whose thirty-two ineffectual borings may still be traced? Happily, at this stage of the proceedings, such an issue can scarcely be apprehended seriously, and, in spite of temporary checks, General Turr will no doubt bring his enterprise to a successful conclusion before 1891, the date fixed by the company's ten-year contract.

The canal is nearly four miles long, thirty yards wide, and twenty-four feet deep; its banks at their highest point reach 240 feet. These dimensions may, indeed, sound insignificant enough compared with those of which many other artificially produced "wet ways" can boast. Beside the last eighteen months' achievements, for example, in connection with our great Manchester canal, these Attic excavations look like mere grubblings and burrowings of moles and ants. Yet we should not be over-hasty in under-estimating this product of nine years' toil. Setting aside as unpractical, if apposite, the reflection that "the Greeks have used as many in besieging Ilium," we shall probably find, obstacles taken into account, the result by no means so disproportionate to the time occupied in accomplishing it as may at first sight appear. For it would be a mistake to suppose that the works carried on here have been simply a small but homogeneous fragment of those which went to the construction of, say, the many-leagued Suez Canal. The crumbling sandhills and reedy lagoons between Suez and Port Said formed a resisting medium far more easily dealt with than the obdurate limestone and wildly heaped-up, closely-welded rock-masses, which prevail in this old domain of earth-shaking Poseidôn, rendering constant blastings necessary, and exacting an incredible amount of labour per cubic foot.

But the benefits which will flow from the mingling waters of the Saronic and Corinthian Gulfs are expected to richly reward the trouble bestowed upon the removal of all those impediments to their union. Not only will the Straits of Messina be thereby brought two days closer to the Bosphorus and voyages Athens and Constantinople-wards from Western ports in general be proportionately shortened, but the smaller vessels of all sorts and conditions which are continually circumnavigating Greece will thus be enabled to shun the wintry perils of Cape Matapan, the old ill-reputed Tainaron, in sight of which so many unavailing orisons have gone up to the Dioskouroi or to the Panagia. It is thought probable, moreover, that the existence of this short cut will promote a large increase in present traffic, and the canal-toll, which is fixed at one franc per ton for Italian vessels, half a franc for all others, and a franc per head for passengers will, in that case, yield an ample revenue. The company, however, are not disposed to rely solely upon this source of income. They propose, upon the completion of the canal-works, to build a sanatorium at the highest point of the Isthmus, near where the tall new *pharos* will throw its light, as the Akrokorinthos does its shadow over two seas. The district has long been celebrated as one of the healthiest in Greece, and its sea-breezes, winnowed through the aromatic branches of Poseidôn's pine-grove, would no doubt leave nothing to be desired in point of salubrity.

Upon the whole, the cloven isthmus bids fair to re-emerge into importance and prosperity, and two sanguine little towns, with a lively sense of good times coming, have already established themselves, the one—Poseidonia—at the western, the other—Isthmia—at the eastern, entrance of the canal. New Corinth, too, which is just now a rather inconsiderable town, white and Oriental, and withal somewhat bleak and desolate, in aspect, may look forward to entering upon a period of plate-glass shop-fronts and palatial hotels. At present the only accommodation that it offers to the traveller consists of a few rooms kept by the proprietor of the railway restaurant. This, we may observe, is a very good one, and has a splendid view from its back door of Parnassus, and Helicon, and Cithairon, all in a row, an attraction probably shared by no other railway refreshment-room. We were looking at the view when a train hissed into the station, and as trains are not to be trifled with in a place where they run but thrice in four-and-twenty hours, we speedily obeyed the guard's horn, and were soon on the way back to Athens. We passed through the wood once infested by the unamiable Crommyonian sow, but now inhabited by nothing more formidable than shaggy-cloaked shepherds, whose long-necked, lop-eared flocks wander promiscuously to and fro across the level line, wherefore each engine is provided with what the tongue which fears not to talk of "cowherding horses" would scarcely shrink from describing as a "sheep-cow-catcher." Then we skirted the edge of the steep cliffs called after the uncourteous robber Skiron, crawling with a wise deliberation worthy of the monstrous tortoise who waited for his victims at their foot. And the Athenian Acropolis reappeared to us when the sun was setting—or, as the curious Hellenic phrase puts it, "reigning"—gorgeously beyond the many-folded hills of Salamis, and the vine-terraced slopes of Parnês.

CARRIER PIGEONS will be kept on board the Ostend mail-boats for the future, so that news of an accident may be sent to shore at once without depending on passing ships. This plan will prevent any repetition of the troubles experienced by the *Princesse Henriette* when her machinery broke down during the voyage, and she had no means of summoning help. The Belgian Government are now making experiments with a new kind of screw, which enables a vessel to stop or turn instantaneously to avert a collision.



Not long ago there appeared in one of the chief of the Australian newspapers an article, in which it was sought to be shown that the future Australian would approximate, physically and mentally, to a Greek type. The article revived an old argument formulated many years ago by Mr. Gibbon Wakefield. Since Mr. Wakefield wrote, sufficient time has passed to enable us to form some general idea, at least, as to whether his forecast is in any degree or sense bearing fruit. The writer hazards the opinion that it is, though well aware that it is too soon to speak with anything like certainty on the subject.

In regard to the physique of native Australians, there is manifestly a distinct type developing ; and if it is not conspicuously that of the Greek, whether of ancient or modern times, it is, at any rate, one revealing many of the characteristics of a semi-tropical people. Australians are tall, slim, long-waisted, long-flanked, slopin-shouldered, frequently broad-chested but not deep, and somewhat narrow in the hips—a race formed for feats of agility, swiftness, and muscular grace rather than for those of endurance and staying power. Exceptions to this rule are to be found, youths who show nearly all the bodily qualities of the typical young Englishman of the southern and midland counties ; but they are the exceptions.

Climate in Australia is also already telling upon the speech of the people. Australians speak with an accent that is not wholly English, Scottish, Irish, or American, nor yet an amalgam of all four, but something peculiar, and by itself. When Mr. Froude was in the Colonies, he was struck by the high standard of speech in regard to grammatical correctness and integrity of idiom which obtained generally in Australia. The writer's own experience in this matter, which has been not inconsiderable, endorses Mr. Froude's opinion. Grammatical inaccuracy is rare among Australians with any pretensions to education, while provincialism in speech is unknown. In Australia there is no *patois*. Such linguistic errors as are indulged in, it may be noted in passing, are nearly always cockney ones; the habit, for instance, of coupling two words, one of which ends, and the other begins, with a vowel, with an "r," and saying "idear of" a vulgarism practised daily by thousands of averagely-educated English people, who have passed it on to their children at the Antipodes.

But there are differences among Australians in the matter of accent, though these variations are not so marked as in most other countries. Townspeople speak, as a rule, with a pleasanter and softer accent than country people, and a rather odd fact, which I never heard accounted for, is, that the characteristic Australian intonation is less pronounced in the men than in the women. The drawl is probably a linguistic laziness, so to speak. In a warm, soft, luxurious air, people will insensibly talk in a leisurely, not to say indolent, manner. The high pitch and the tendency to nasality is also most likely, in some way, an outcome of climatic conditions, as it is said to be in the case of Americans. The speech of Australians certainly suffers by comparison with that of the inhabitants of Southern Europe, and here my parallel, I must admit, fails, but there never was a comparison so four-square that it could not be threatened by an exception.

Australians are naturally witty and facile in speech. I do not mean to say that their daily talk sparkles with jest and epigram, but they are undoubtedly ready and fluent. Good public speakers spring up in Australia ready-made, so to speak, and require little initial training. One is struck, in attending the Houses of Parliament in Sydney and Melbourne, by the high average of the speaking, especially in regard to readiness in debate, quickness of repartee, and polemical sword-play. There is not unfrequently displayed a want of good form, a liberty of speech, more than bordering on licence, inseparable, perhaps, from political conditions in Australia, but there is certainly no lack of oratorical power and controversial resource. The late Right Hon. W. B. Dalley was an eminent example of Australian oratory. Few of his contemporaries, in any country, possessed in a greater degree the qualities of a finished rhetorician.

Well, then, it seems that signs are already discernible in the Australian colonies in regard to the directions in which the national intellect will make. In Australia poets will arrive rather than philosophers, musicians sooner than metaphysicians, speakers more easily than schoolmen. Already there is a breath of poetry stirring

But against this inclination of the Anglo-Saxon race in Australia to evolve a Southern character will there be any influences in operation to counteract the tendency? Probably, yes. And the chief of these will be the constant influx of Northern blood, the steady stream of immigration from the British Islands which must continue for many years to come, and which will undoubtedly infuse a Northern strain into the national character, and give it a "note" sufficiently marked to make it unlikely that the Australians will ever become a people wholly alien to the parent stock in physical type and intellectual temper.

R. R.

WHAT are musical people? A ridiculously easy question, to which the obvious reply is, Why, of course, people who play, or sing, or compose music. Yes, good reader, but that definition does not quite reach my difficulty; because one so often comes across people who sing, or play, or compose, and to whom, nevertheless, one hesitates to apply unreservedly the term "musical." Take an instance. You meet a friend, who exclaims impulsively, "You *must* come and dine with us to-morrow. We have some musical friends with us—charming people—you'll be delighted," &c., &c. The evening arrives, and the two musical people—a mother and daughter—make themselves exceedingly agreeable throughout dinner by criticising in a cursory and sweeping manner all the leading pianists and sopranos of the day. This leads you to expect pianoforte-playing and soprano songs to be the order of the evening. And so they are. But first a considerable amount of restlessness has to be got through. Your host and hostess happen, oddly enough, to be interested in some late Continental wanderings of another guest, and would like to hear a small selection of his adventures. But these, although they include (we will say) a Joachim concert at Berlin, and some characteristic singing in Spain, find no favour with the musical people. The mother, indeed, joins slightly in the conversation, but chiefly with the object of running constantly to the piano, and playing some brilliant but totally inappropriate bars, inquiring the while, with her head turned over her shoulder, whether "this" is not what he means. It never is, because, somehow, she has never followed in the least what has been said. And so, eventually, he takes the hint and becomes silent, and the hostess, roused to a sense of her duty, asks for "a little music."

It is, we will say, a sweet, wild nocturne of Chopin's, full of the tinkling drip of water, the shimmer of moonlight through rustling, waving boughs, the sigh of the soft night wind, the drowsy whisper of birds. She plays it well—that is, accurately—with a great deal of style and display of technique; and even the entire absence of feeling cannot altogether neutralise the effect of the entrancing notes. But the end comes, and with a careless "Pretty thing, isn't it?" she dashes, unasked, into a grand march of Handel's (intended, perhaps, to exhibit the varying character of her genius), and thence into some wonderfully gymnastic variations on "Auld Lang Syne," a concession, no doubt, to the lack of culture supposed to exist in a portion, at least, of the audience. Then at length comes a pause "for refreshments," in the shape of applause and congratulations, which are received graciously, but not without strictures upon the state of the piano, which, as the gentle, apologetic hostess is given to understand, had entirely destroyed the effect of the last piece.

The daughter, meanwhile, has been occupied in playing with her pet dog, encouraging it into a state of excitement somewhat discomforting to her non-dog-loving neighbours, and occasionally talking in audible tones to the nearest available young man. But it is now her turn to be musical. Will she give us one of her delightful songs? "Oh, certainly. Go down, Snap! You absurd creature! Mr. Smith, did you hear him contributing a few notes to mamma's performance just now? He's the cleverest little fellow—and awfully fond of music. I have taught him to play the piano. He sits up and strums on the keys. Shouldn't you like to hear him?" But Snap has been forestalled by mamma, who is already touching off a few preliminary flourishes, looking round for her daughter and chatting with a bystander.

daughter, and chatting with a bystander.

And here let me remark that, although the abolition of the old affectation of shyness, and "waiting to be pressed" (the "could not, would not, durst not play" of Lady Heron) is undoubtedly a gain, there yet arises in some ill-regulated minds a certain sense of "aggravation" in view of the cool professional manner now adopted by the merest schoolroom chits in favouring us with their performances. The girls have such a vast quantity of confidence and assurance nowadays. Some one has said that all true genius is nervous, but I do not think that this opinion has a wide prevalence. Be that as it may, Miss —— trips to the piano, and sings her song with the greatest appearance of calm ease and nonchalance. Her voice is good—very good. It is sweet, rich, and flexible, and evidently well trained. We listen to her with pleasure. But when the end comes, and, amid a chorus of "Thank you's," the well-worn and ungrammatical question is asked, "Who is it by?" it appears that the songstress has the very haziest notions about the composer, doesn't know what the words are about (they are German), and, on being asked by another musical person in the room what key it is in, replies airily, "I'm afraid I don't know—any more than Snap does. Here, Snap, Snap! Come and show how you can play the piano." N.B.—With this illustrious exception the two ladies do not seem to take the slightest interest in the performance of any one besides themselves. Now, are these musical people? Please observe that I do not say. Are they charming, delightful, clever, &c.? but simply, Are they musical? I only ask (like Rosa Dartle) for information, from those who are capable of forming an opinion than myself.

Again, there are the musical people whose organ of expression is the long-suffering violin. Yes, reader, I note your involuntary shudder, and endorse it with a sympathetic groan. If ever a "noblest thing" found " vilest using," the violin—that wonderful, mysterious, spirit-moving voice—has found it in England within the last fifteen years. First, a few adventurous damsels, fired perhaps by the example of Madame Néruda (but without her genius), made trial of the instrument. It was found to give an exceedingly novel and pretty effect, with a good figure; as graceful as, and perhaps more striking than, the old harp attitude of our great-grandmothers. The fashion spread like wildfire, and it is now de *rigueur* in any family of daughters for one or two, at least, to "play" the violin. I would not be misunderstood on this theme, or considered more

I must not, however, allow myself to take all my instances from the gentler sex ; though I must confess to having been more often puzzled in this matter by women than men, perhaps because unreality in a man is less tolerated—he has it more or less knocked out of him at school. Moreover, he does not labour under the misfortune of being *expected* to be musical by nature, which has been so much the case with women in England ; though, I believe, common sense in this respect is making considerable progress amongst us—imported, perchance, from Germany. Still there are, without doubt, many men whose claim to the title of “ musical ” is not, to a limited capacity, always perfectly clear. Let us then inquire (not in Mr. Chadband’s “ spirit of love,” but, I fear, in the spirit of criticism), whether the man who composes a vulgar comic song or operetta is a musical person ? The airs may be sprightly, perhaps melodious, certainly popular. They are advertised under the heading “ New Music,” though it is just possible that this description may be incorrect in both its terms.

On the other hand—look at that crusty, grizzled old man, who sits entranced through a long symphony concert at St. James's Hall, not once moving, or raising his eyes from the knob of the stick which he holds upright between his knees. You can watch him as much as you like—he will not know, he is not here, he is—where? Floated out from among this rustling fashionable throng, out of the turmoil of the dull everyday city—away, in a pure atmosphere that has nothing of earth in it. He will be recalled by-and-by when the concert is ended, and will go plodding away, looking very dull and uninteresting. The same might be said of that quiet-faced elderly woman, with her veil down, who has listened so intently as to be scarcely conscious of the flutter and restlessness of the party around her, who have thought it "the thing" to come to "one really stiff concert," and have brought that dear old fog, Aunt Jane, with them merely as chaperon. What of these two, dear readers? Are they musical people? I do not think that, either of them plays, sings, or composes music.

Perhaps, after all, I have been led into this quagmire of conjecture by an imperfect comprehension of the word "musical." Does it mean the possession by an individual of "musick in himself"—that "harmony in immortal souls" that Shakespeare speaks of so sublimely? or the power of giving it expression? It seems to me that some persons have the music without the power of expression, and some the power of expression without the music. The real musicians are they who possess both (and there are giants in those regions). Of these I have not attempted to speak, for with them there is no room for questioning. As to the other classes, their relative positions must, I suppose, be decided by individual taste.

T. C.

"THE TWO CHALONS," says Seguer, in his "Dictionary of Painters," "are usually classed with the contemporaries of Sir Augustus Callcott (1779-1844); they were versatile painters and excelled in a variety of subjects. There is a slight resemblance between the landscapes of Callcott and J. J. Chalon. Some of Alfred Chalon's portraits, treated as fancy groups, would be better if the accessories were less distracting. For the originals of "La Giraffe," a reproduction of which we now place before our readers, we are indebted to Mrs. E. M. Ward, the widow of the well-known Academician and historical painter. Mrs. Ward herself comes of an artistic stock, her grandfather having been James Ward, R.A. For several years she was herself an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and lately she has gained a fresh reputation by her very successful management of a School of Art for ladies. "La Giraffe" affords a good idea of the vagaries in dress which prevailed sixty years ago. Chalon evidently intended the series as a good-natured skit on his sister, who, Mrs. Ward tells us, was in those days a very dressy and stylish person. For the verses underneath the drawing we are not responsible except in one instance: "If to her share," where we have ventured to adapt two well-known lines from the late Mr. Alexander Pope. The other verses are given as written under Chalon's original drawing.

ITALIAN TOWNS seem in a very impecunious condition. Lately Pisa became bankrupt, and now eleven cities in Southern Italy are obliged to suspend all their payments.

THE ARMADA MEMORIAL. ON PLYMOUTH HOE progresses satisfactorily. Some 100 tons of granite have been placed in position, several of the blocks weighing fully seven tons a-piece.

A LIVE TOAD embedded in a seam of coal has been found in a North of England mine. The creature has no mouth, but appears to live upon air. It is three inches long, and can hop and crawl freely.

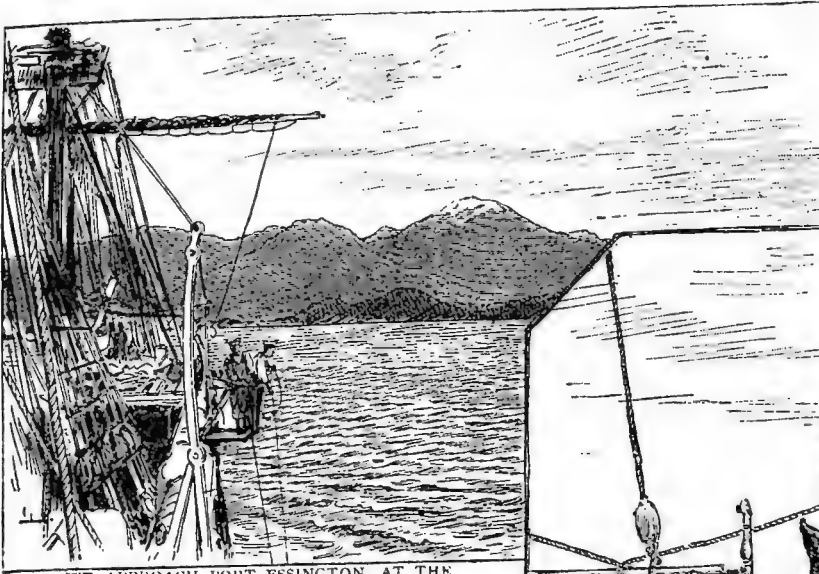
A GERMAN DEEP-SEA EXPLORING EXPEDITION has just started on board the *National*, under the direction of a Kiel University Professor, Dr. Hensen. The vessel will first go northwards to Greenland, and then work its way down the Atlantic to the coast of Brazil.

THE AMERICAN NAVY has a new flag. Four fresh States having been admitted into the Union, the number of stars on the national banner had to be increased to correspond. So forty-two stars are now displayed by the side of the stripes on the blue field, and on Independence Day all Government vessels hoisted the altered ensign for the first time.

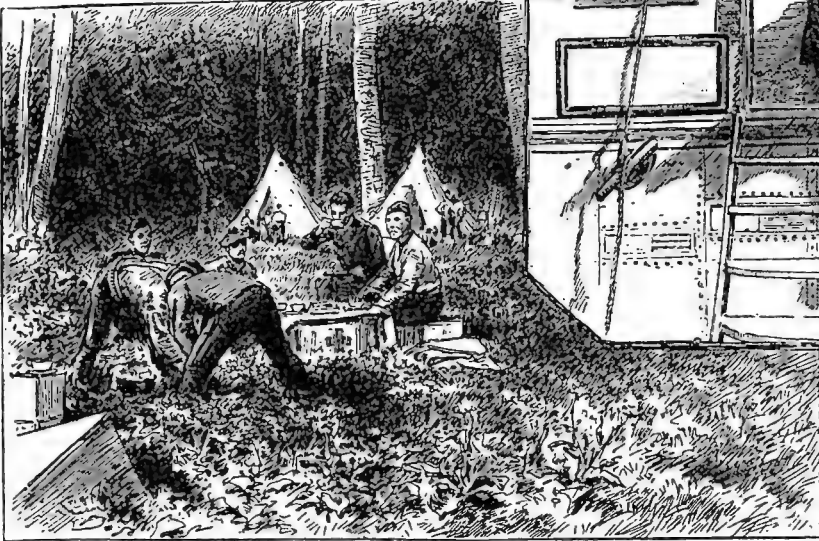
TWO GHASTLY RELICS of national heroes have been presented to the Museum at the Hague—the tongue of John De Witt and the great toe of his brother Cornelius. When the unfortunate De Witts were murdered by the mob at the Hague, in 1672, these fragments were secured by a Leyden family, and they have been handed down as heirlooms from generation to generation.

BASEBALL IS TO BE ACCLIMATISED IN ENGLAND, if the Americans can possibly induce us to favour their pastime. Eight practised players are coming over to establish baseball-grounds, and give instruction free. Two will settle in London, two in Birmingham and the Midlands, while the four others will instruct the Potteries, Liverpool, Manchester, and Preston.

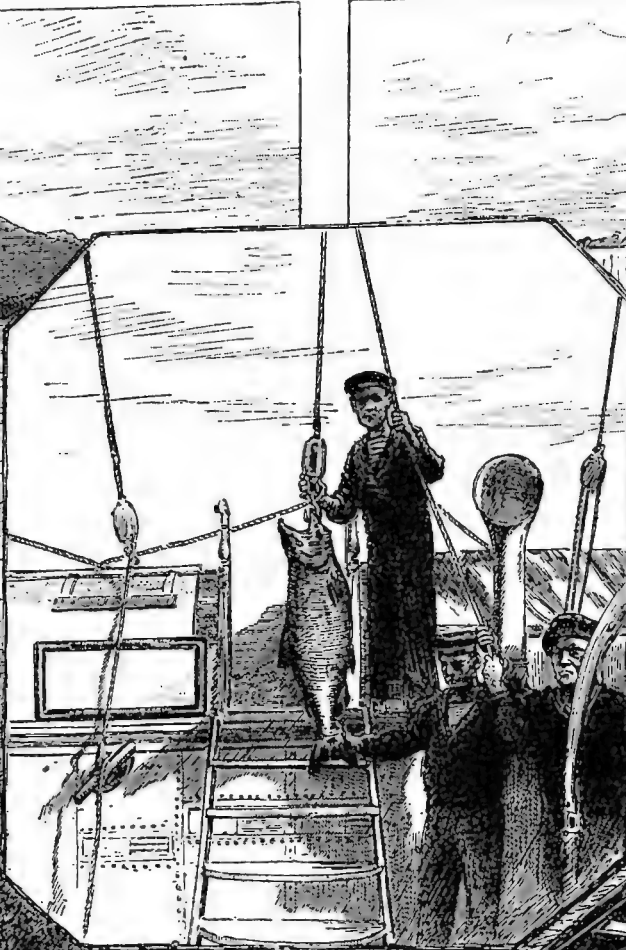




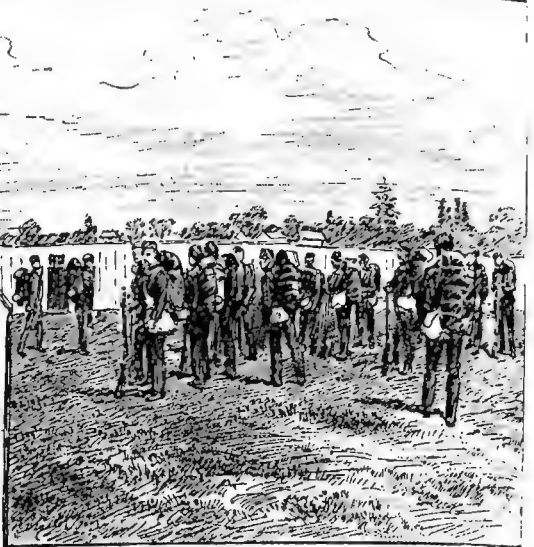
WE APPROACH PORT ESSINGTON, AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER



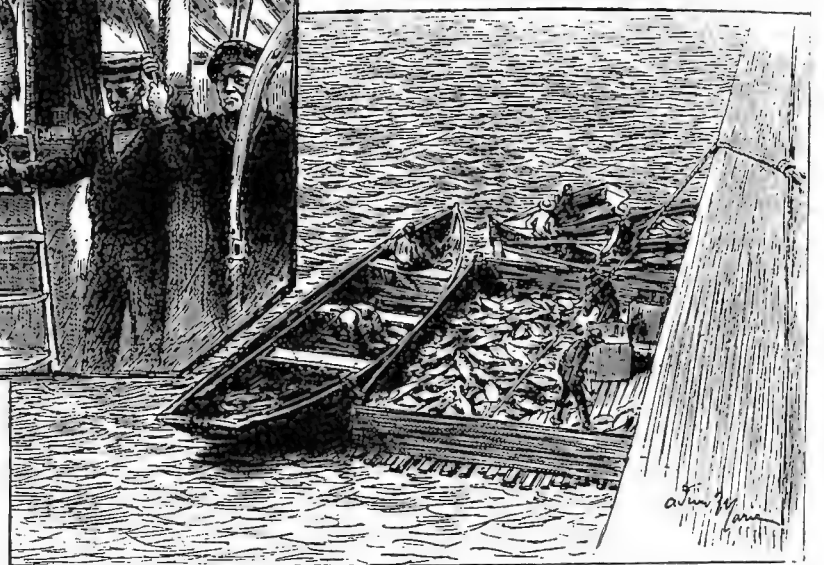
WE HAVE OUR FIRST MEAL ON THE DOCTOR'S MEDICINE CHEST



A BIG FISH

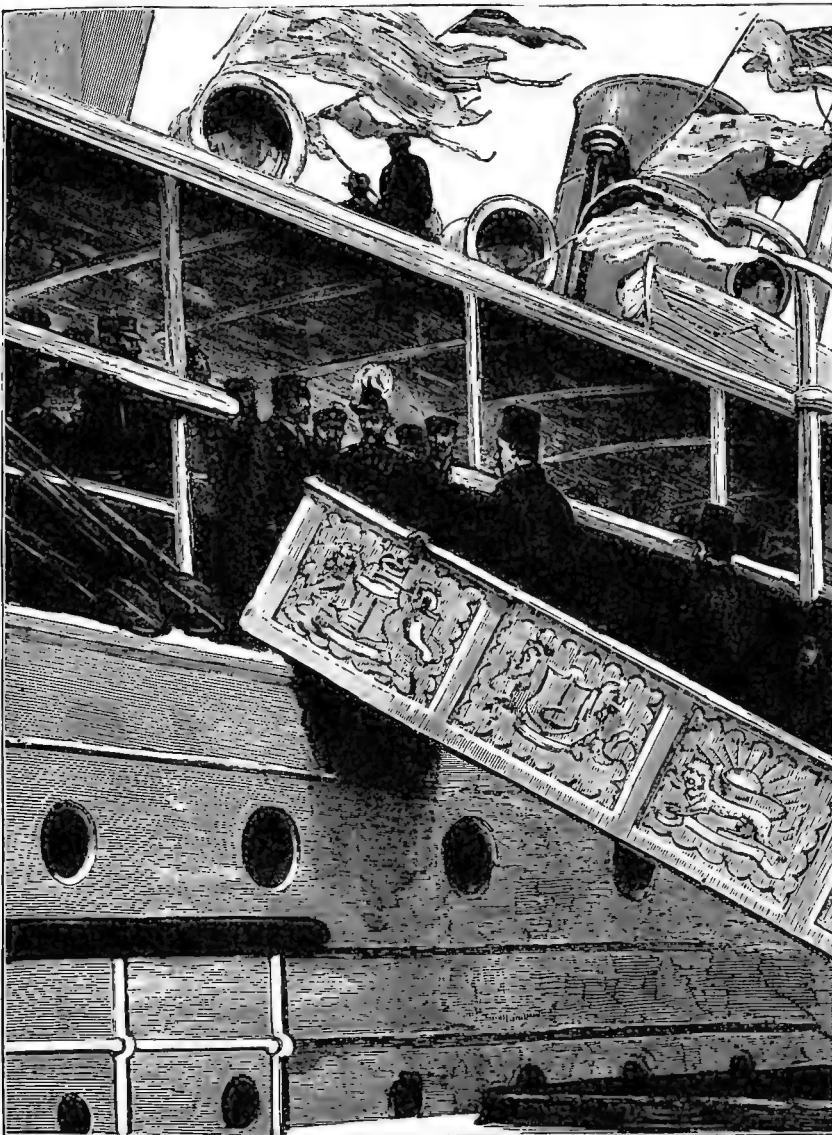


WE PARADE IN MOUNTAIN KIT

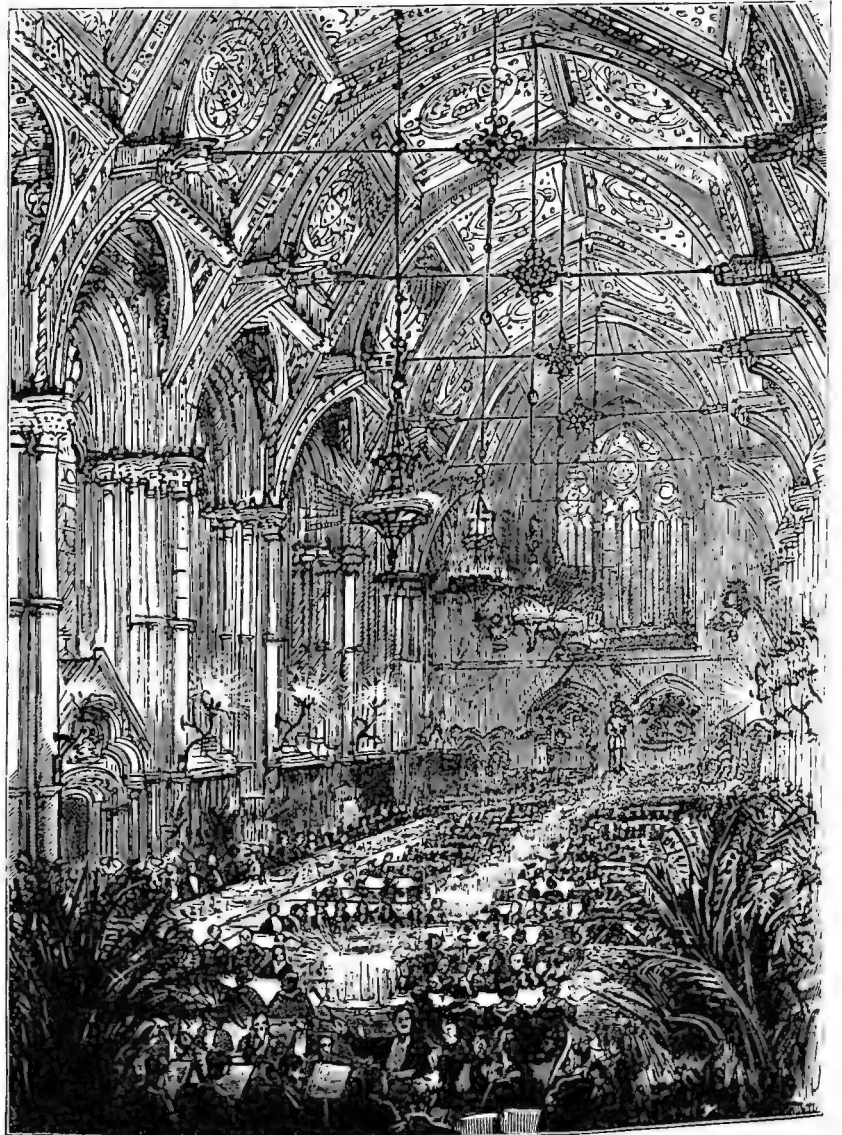


WE VISIT A SALMON CANNERY AND SEE A FEW FISH

SCENES ON THE SKEENA RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA



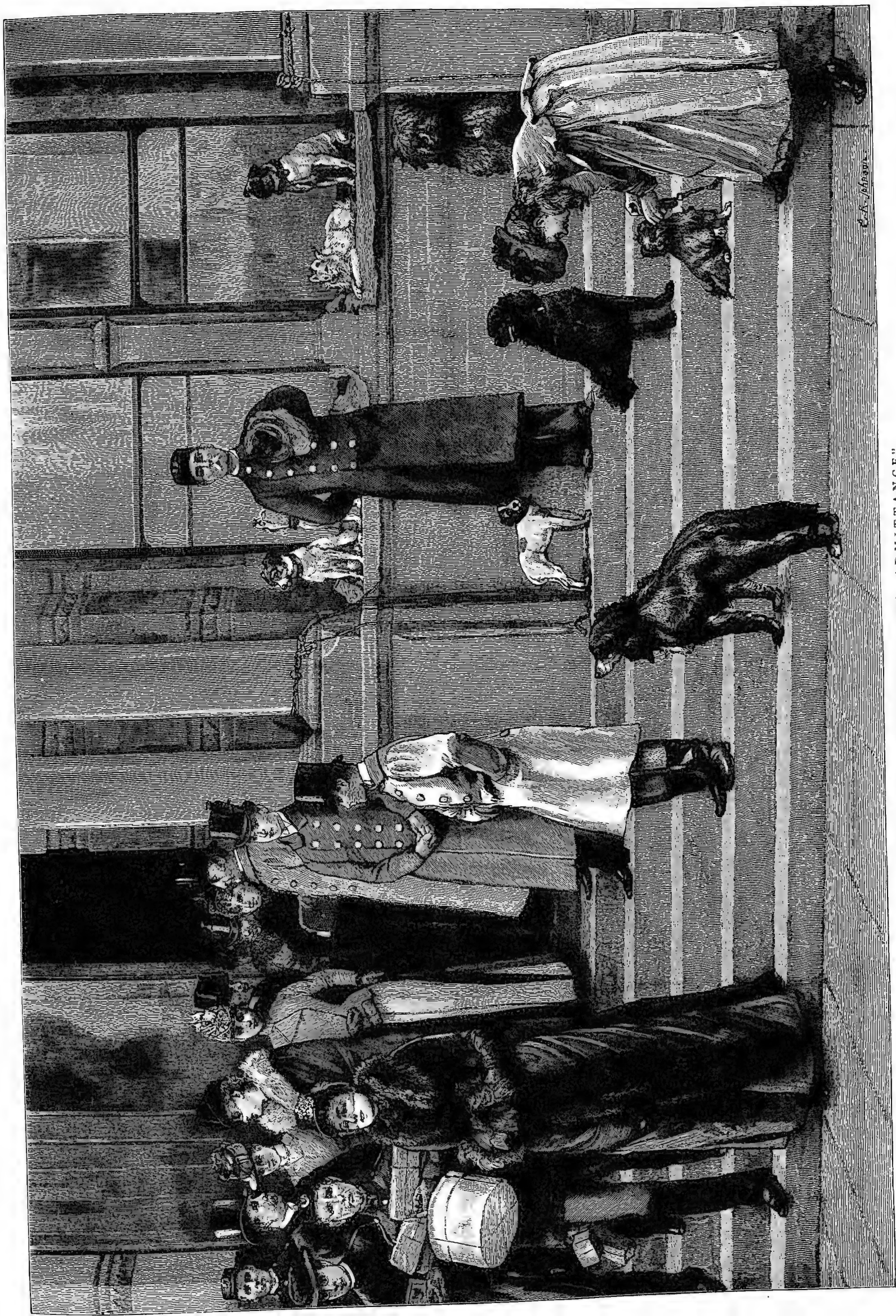
THE SHAH GOING ON BOARD THE CUNARD LINER "UMBRIA" IN THE ALEXANDRA DOCK, LIVERPOOL



BANQUET IN THE TOWN-HALL, MANCHESTER

THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND





THE DOG QUESTION - "NO ADMITTANCE"  
A SKETCH OUTSIDE THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES





THE electoral contest in FRANCE opens to-morrow (Sunday) with the choice of the Councils-General. Hitherto, these provincial elections have been purely of local interest, but, thanks to General Boulanger, they will, this year, be an earnest of the Parliamentary elections in September. The General appears as a candidate in 80 specified cantons out of 2,938, and although he is ineligible through non-residence in France, his party hope to obtain a *plébiscite* in aid of their future ends. In his manifesto on the elections, the General makes the usual promise of peace and prosperity when "the gang which dishonours our country shall be pitilessly swept away," and he uses still stronger abuse of the present Government in a proclamation commenting on his indictment. He calls the Ministers bandits and thieves, but makes no answer to the charges brought against him, except to pick out the weak point in the Government case—that they obtained information from criminals. On all sides the Boulangerists are working energetically to insure success, holding meetings and making speeches of a most violent type. The Government and their supporters are no less active. M.M. Rouvier and Freycinet have warned the provinces against the "hateful dictatorship," and M. Floquet delivered an important oration at Chauny on behalf of the Radicals, preaching the same sermon against Caesarism, which would cause the country's fall. Further, the Government take advantage of their power to dismiss many State officials tainted with Boulangerism, and have even revived the special "Political Brigade" of 100 police to suppress seditious gatherings. In the main, they have done little harm to General Boulanger by their indictment, except regarding the charge of embezzlement, which is likely to prove the most damaging point in the minds of the electors. For this reason it is probable that the High Court will first try M.M. Boulanger, Rochefort, and Dillon for conspiracy, and afterwards hand over the General to the mercies of a court martial, who would pronounce on the embezzlement clause. Meanwhile the offenders show no sign of returning to stand trial, and if they are still absent when the Court meets, they will forfeit their civil rights and their property. The Boulangerist question entirely absorbs public attention now that Parliament has dispersed, and even the Exhibition has quite fallen into the shade. Thus the Socialists, assembled for their Congress, have been demonstrating at Père Lachaise and Montmartre, and uttering the fiercest doctrines quite unnoticed. The Panama Lottery Bonds will be issued to-day (Saturday), part of the funds being used for the expenses of the Commission sent out to the Ismus to report on the continuance of the works. If they give an unfavourable statement the Canal will be abandoned altogether.

The visit of the Czar to GERMANY is at last positively announced for August 22nd, and, according to present arrangements, he will come to Berlin. His plans, however, may be altered at the last moment, and, on account of the Nihilists, as little as possible will be made known respecting his movements. This visit is regarded as a sign that the Russo-German relations have improved, especially as Emperor William has just sent his portrait to the Czar. However, the Germans do not feel so cordial about the Russian visit as towards the Emperor of AUSTRIA, whom Berlin intends to greet most warmly on August 11th. Notwithstanding also their bitterness towards the British in East Africa the Germans are highly gratified that their Emperor should be received with such ceremony in England, and hope that the visit will result in loyal friendship between the two nations. They point out the increasing importance of the German navy, and are proud that the first visit of a German Emperor to England can show so good an escort of national naval strength, even compared with a maritime kingdom like Great Britain. Emperor William comes home from Norway to-day (Saturday), and sails for England on Tuesday. Between his English trip and the reception of the Austrian and Russian Sovereigns the Emperor will take a short holiday at Bayreuth, to see the Wagner Festival Plays, which are exceptionally successful this year. Thanks to His Majesty openly condemning the agitation against Switzerland, the dispute has quieted down, but the Swiss Government still intend to publish all the correspondence on the subject to support their rights. Captain Wissmann is unlucky with his steamers on the East African coast, one vessel having been lost at the mouth of the Pangani River. The *Cologne Gazette* still upbraids England for her jealousy in African affairs, and recommends a vigorous German policy as the only means of bringing the English to their senses. The statement that the German Colonial Society for South-Western Africa have determined to sell their property in Damaraland to an English syndicate will further injure Teutonic susceptibilities.

Every preparation is being made in EGYPT to strike a decisive blow at the Dervishes. By the beginning of next week one thousand and five hundred British troops will be assembled at Assuan ready to push forward under Major-General De Montmorency to Anabeh beyond Korosko, and check the rebel advance northwards, whilst Colonel W. dehouse and his Egyptian forces will block any movement eastwards of the Nile. General Grenfell will retain the supreme command of the expedition. Egyptian Cavalry and Artillery already occupy Toski, the next important village beyond Colonel W. dehouse's head-quarters at Bellana. To the south the Wady Halfa contingent under Captain Lewis endeavour to intercept the reinforcements coming up from Sarra to join Wad-el-Njumi. So far the Dervish leader has remained quiet at Abu Simbel, awaiting one thousand additional fighting men. He is determined to advance, and has forwarded General Grenfell's summons to surrender on to Khartoum for the Khalifa to deal with, answering on his own account that he is sent to conquer the world, and that his enemies will share the fate of Hicks Pasha and General Gordon. His Emirs are equally enthusiastic, and it would seem that the numerous deserters crowding the Egyptian lines are mostly slaves and camp-followers escaping from harsh treatment, not fighting-men. However, a Dervish doctor who has recently deserted asserts that the Emirs are open to persuasion, and would come over when Wad-el-Njumi's attention was distracted. This man was cook to Gordon and Hicks Pasha, and accompanied the latter in his last battle. Another important deserter, Secretary to the chief Emir, states that five thousand fighting-men crossed the frontier, but only three thousand are now available. Wad-el-Njumi certainly realises his difficulties, for, after the battle of Arguin, he sent urgent messages to the Khalifa for further help. He hesitates, also, to attempt the desert march to Toski, which would entail much hardship without water. Meanwhile a good deal of desultory fighting goes on, the Egyptian troops making plentiful prisoners, while the gunboats patrolling the Nile cut off many Dervishes. Hitherto the low water has been a great obstacle, but the river is now rising well. Both British and Egyptian troops are in capital health, notwithstanding the great heat. Harassed by these Sudan troubles the Egyptian Government feels doubly the definitive refusal of France to sanction the Conversion of the Debt. Riaz Pasha made another appeal, hoping that France would regard the subject solely from the financial point of view, but he was informed that, although the French Government regarded the Conversion of vital importance to Egypt, they could not consent whilst the political situation remained unchanged.

Turning to EASTERN EUROPE, the situation in CRETE is extremely serious. Since TURKEY recalled the Special Commissioner, the insurgents have gradually grown stronger till they have expelled the authorities in several places, and the greater portion of the island is in a riotous condition. Mussulmans and Christians are at open strife, while the Ottoman troops are little help. Unless the Porte acts promptly, the Cretans are likely to demand annexation to Greece, although the Hellenic Government discourage any such proposal at present. Official Turkish circles are beginning to despair of successfully pacifying the malcontents. SERBIA is to be absorbed in military preparations, having ordered numerous new batteries, besides the arms for the fresh Reservists. King Milan returns to Belgrade this week, and the Regents are somewhat nervous respecting his influence with the army. The Servians in general feel little interest in their Sovereign, but considerable uneasiness prevails lest Milan should be returning with Austrian support, especially as the Russian Minister has left Belgrade, and a prominent opponent of the King, M. Todorovitch, has been suddenly arrested. M. Ristic is also worse, and likely to retire, so that rumours of another turn of the tables circulate freely.

In INDIA the native contingents for frontier defence are being actively organised. Among the Punjab States Puttiala contributes 1,000 men, and Jhind, Nabha, and Kapurthala 600 men apiece, who are to be thoroughly drilled, and armed with Sniders. Altogether, it is estimated that the native States will furnish 30,000 men, chiefly cavalry. The Maharajah of Jeypore will provide 1,000 transport animals, while Gwalior equips 2,000 men. Floods continue very serious in the North-West, nor are the accounts much better from Ganjam, as the stocks of food-grain are nearly exhausted. No great improvement is expected before October. The Parsees of Bombay are highly indignant at the contents of the papers on the Crawford case laid before the Home Parliament, and intend to hold a monster meeting to protest against such imputations on their community. Some hope is held out of an understanding with Tibet respecting Sikkim, Mr. Hart having returned to Darjeeling from conferring with the Amban.—BURMA rejoices in the capture of the important dacoit Ottama, who was Bo-Shway's right hand, and has given much trouble for years past. The plan of removing the inhabitants of small villages to colonise some large centre has proved so unsuccessful that it will now be virtually abandoned.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ITALY is determined to keep on the best terms with Austria, so Signor Crispi has dissolved a Roman Irredentist Club which clamoured for the return of Trent and Trieste. He further forbids any meetings on the subject. The Radicals not only foster this Irredentist agitation, but are urging the expulsion of the Pope, now that the question of His Holiness leaving Rome has been brought forward.—SPAIN is not very anxious to receive a refugee Pontiff, the Government strictly forbidding any demonstrations to encourage Leo XIII. in such a step. Owing to the acute situation between Pope and Government at Rome, the International Anti-Slavery Congress convened by Cardinal Lavigerie will meet in SWITZERLAND as neutral ground, opening at Lucerne between August 3 and 10.—Terrific rainstorms trouble the UNITED STATES, besides slight earthquakes round Memphis, Tennessee.—In EAST AFRICA, British officials at Zanzibar have been obliged to mediate between the Sultan and his Persian soldiers, who sought British protection on plea of being oppressed by their commander. The prompt action of Mr. Portal, acting British Consul, and General Matthews prevented the Persians from being murdered by a furious mob.—In SOUTH AFRICA arrangements have been made to continue the Delagoa Bay Railway to the Portuguese frontier.



THE marriage of Princess Louise of Wales with Lord Fife takes place to-day (Saturday) in Buckingham Palace Chapel. The Queen and Princess Beatrice come from Osborne to be present, and the King of Greece, the Danish Crown Prince, and the Grand Duke of Hesse are the only foreign relatives expected, the Danish King and Queen being absent owing to the death of the Queen's sister. Her Majesty, the Princess of Wales, and the Royal Family assemble in the Bow Room to proceed in State to the Chapel, followed shortly afterwards by the bridegroom with his best man, Mr. Horace Farquhar, his cousin. The bride arrives at noon in the Queen's State glass coach with the Prince of Wales, who gives his daughter away. Princess Louise will wear white and silver, trimmed with Honiton lace, and her eight bridesmaids—Princesses Victoria and Maud, her sisters, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, her cousins, Princess Victoria of Teck, and the Countesses Feodora, Victoria, and Helena Gleichen—will be in pink, with pink aigrettes in their hair. Lord Fife will wear Highland costume with the Duff tartan. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with four other clergy, performs the ceremony, which will be semi-choral, and at the close the bridal procession pass through the Bow Library to the adjoining Drawing Room for the registration of the marriage. Breakfast for the Royal Family is to be served in the State Dining Room and for the other guests in the Supper Room, while, after two toasts, "The Queen" and "The Bride and Bridegroom," the wedding party adjourn to Marlborough House, whence the Princess and her husband start later for East Sheen House, Richmond. Lord Fife will be raised to the Dukedom—as Duke of Fife—on his marriage. He has bought 15, Portman Square for his town residence.

The Queen has received a few visitors at Osborne. Captain Fullerton, of the *Victoria and Albert*, dined with Her Majesty on Saturday, and next morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. A. Peile officiated. On Monday Prince Henry returned from his yachting cruise, and the Earl of Portarlington had audience of the Queen to deliver up the insignia of St. Patrick belonging to the late Earl. In the evening Admirals Baird and Tryon dined with Her Majesty. Next day Her Majesty held a Council. The Grand Duke of Hesse, with Princess Alix, arrived on Wednesday, and yesterday (Friday) would accompany the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry to town for the wedding, the Royal party returning to Osborne to-night (Saturday). The Queen has requested that few decorations should be displayed during her visit to North Wales, preferring to see the beauties of the country in their natural aspect. It is proposed in Dublin to invite Her Majesty to visit Ireland next spring.

The Prince of Wales spent Saturday to Monday with Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, at Waddesdon Manor, Aylesbury, returning to town to accompany the Princess and daughters to the Duchess of Westminster's ball on Monday night. Next day the Prince visited the Tower to present new colours to the Northamptonshire Regiment, and in the afternoon accompanied the Princess and Prince Albert Victor to the French plays, the Princes also going to the Court Theatre in the evening. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess laid the memorial stone of the Samaritan Free Hospital, Marylebone Road. In the evening the Prince went to the St. Bartholomew's Hospital dinner. The Prince and Princess leave town for Goodwood on Monday.—Prince Albert Victor has been doing the honours of Balmoral to the Shah.—Princess Louise went to Greenwich on Saturday to distribute the prizes to the boys of the Hospital School.



THE OPERA SEASON.—The Opera Season of 1889 will close on Saturday of this week. During the present summer we have had three separate enterprises, all of them in Italian Opera, English or German Art not having this year been accorded a fair trial. The season at Her Majesty's, which collapsed some weeks ago, need not be commented upon at length. From the outset it was obvious that the attempt to popularise hackneyed compositions, sung by almost unknown artists, would be hopeless. Mr. Mapleson, it is true, introduced several new vocalists, who attained no great success, and also once more brought forward Miss De Lussan, who showed how greatly she had improved since last year. But the enterprise, with such a repertory, was doomed from the outset.

The performances of *Otello* at the Lyceum will also close this week. This, so far as we can recollect, is the first occasion upon which a single Italian Opera has been run through an entire season, of nearly a month. The late Mr. Carl Rosa used to say that opera would never pay its way in London until the public became accustomed to a "run" of a single composition, after the plan already adopted at the theatres. The success of *Otello*, the only work which has been presented at the Lyceum, was doubtless largely due to the co-operation of the Milan orchestra, chorus, and artists. It is, therefore, satisfactory to learn that Signor Faccio and his entire orchestra have been engaged to return next year, and give a season of Italian Opera at Her Majesty's.

At the Royal Italian Opera, Mr. Augustus Harris has directed the most prosperous season known at this establishment for many years. The largest audiences of the season have been attracted by *Lohengrin*, the *Meistersinger* (which was produced so late in the summer that only four representations could be given), *Faust*, and *Roméo et Juliette*, grand operas being now preferred by London audiences to lighter works. It is probably for this reason that Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles* was shelved so soon, although it will doubtless be more successful as an opera in English for provincial purposes. Mr. Augustus Harris has mounted in all eighteen operas and has introduced a large number of new artists, none of whom, however, have created a *furor*. The "stars" have once more been the brothers Jean and Edouard De Reszké, whose popularity was never greater than it is now.

CARL ROSA COMPANY.—Arrangements for the provincial tour of the Carl Rosa Company are now finally settled. The season will commence in Ireland early next month, the leading members of the old troupe, including Madames Burns and Fanny Moody, Messrs. McGuckin, Celli, Crotty, and others have been re-engaged, and contracts have also been signed with two Russian artists, M.M. Winogradov and Abramoff, and with Madame Tremelli. It was at one time hoped that Miss M'Intyre would likewise have joined the company, but as she was unwilling to sign for a term of years the matter dropped through. In the course of the provincial season new English versions will be produced of Bizet's *Pearl Fishers* and Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, and Balfe's *Talisman* will be performed in English for the first time on the Bristol stage. *Lurline*, *Aida*, the *Star of the North*, and the *Rose of Castille* will also be revived. At Easter the whole company will come to Drury Lane for a five weeks' season, the first given in London for two years.

"MARJORIE."—A trial performance was given last week at a *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre of Mr. Walter Slaughter's comic opera *Marjorie*. The work has an interesting, though as yet hardly well-developed, libretto, by Messrs. Clifton and Dille. The story is laid in a Lincolnshire town in the thirteenth century. The hero is the son of a wealthy Saxon villein, who has purchased from his lord his own freedom, though not that of his family. The young fellow therefore finds that he is forbidden to wed his lady-love, for whom his master, the Earl of Cheshmere, has formed a strong, but apparently not very permanent, affection. At the battle of the Fair of Lincoln, however, the young man fights with so much bravery against the French that he wins his freedom, and the Earl, who seems to be an extremely good-humoured sort of libertine, freely resigns his own pretensions to the lady's hand in his favour. The music is of a curiously unequal character. Some of the choruses and concerted pieces are admirable, showing, indeed, that Mr. Walter Slaughter can write excellent music if he chooses to do so. But unfortunately he has given us a plethora of Balfeian ballads, conventional to a fault, and all to a pattern, so that, pretty as they individually may be, they become wearisome long before the opera ends. The performance, being more or less a "scratch" one, was in many respects open to criticism, and it need therefore only now be said that the principal parts were played by Miss Wadman (who was sadly out of voice), Messrs. Celli, Tapley, and Monkhouse. To pass definite judgment upon a comic opera after a solitary representation on a hot July afternoon, and before the various artists have had time to work up that lun which is the very life of such things, would hardly be fair.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The London Military Band, formed by eminent players, who were once members of regimental bands, but are now engaged upon operatic, concert, or other orchestras, gave a preliminary concert, at Prince's Hall, on Monday. Their performance was remarkable for the excellence of *ensemble*, but they were obviously handicapped by playing in so small a hall.—At the Crystal Palace, on Monday, Miss Ethel Wakefield, a juvenile prodigy from Boston, U.S., made her *début*, playing Mendelssohn's piano-forte concerto in G minor, a work which she would do well not to attempt until she is older.—Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff gave a concert, at the Lyric Club, on Friday, and sang some songs by herself and others, besides taking part (behind the scenes) with Mr. Eldore and A. de Lara in her drawing-room sketch, *A Serenade in Grenada*.—A party of 5,000 children from the Church Sunday Schools sang at a concert, at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday. Various other concerts have been given, but they are devoid of public interest.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The popular soprano, Miss Annie Marriott, was married to Mr. Percy Palmer, a concert tenor, at St. Mathias, Earl's Court, on Saturday. Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, was the organist, and Mr. Harper Kearton sang the tenor air, "Be thou faithful until death" from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*.—The Wagner Festival, at Bayreuth, commenced last Sunday with a performance of *Parsifal*. The performances will be continued until nearly the end of next month, and will probably not be resumed until 1892.—Brahms' new eight-part chorus *a capella*, entitled "Deutsche Fest und Gedensprüche," will be produced at the Hamburg Festival, on September 9th. M. Rubinstein will, in course of the winter, produce at St. Petersburg a new opera, entitled in the French *Gorushka*, or "Une ivresse nocturne." The well-known operatic tenor, M. Gayerre, is said to have sold to a lady of title.—Madame Christine Nilsson is said to have sold to her house at Kensington Court, and will henceforward reside in Paris during the time that she is absent from Madrid.—At the wedding of the Princess Louise of Wales to-day (Saturday) the music will include the *Tannhäuser* March and a "Nuptial March," by Mr. Jekyll, as the various processions pass up the chapel, a special anthem composed by Mr. Joseph Barnby, and, of course, Mendelssohn's Wedding March.





In this last week of July, a period which, regarded from afar, seemed likely to prove a time when the business of the Session would be rapidly wound up, there is projected upon the programme a measure bristling with difficulties. This is the as yet anonymous Bill which would authorise the payment of an additional annuity to the Prince of Wales on account of his children. Through all Parliamentary history, before and since the time when Mr. Hume took objection to the settlement of the Civil List in 1837, attempts to increase annual payments on account of the Crown have been more or less stoutly resisted in the Commons. The nature of the transaction peculiarly lends itself to such controversy. An ordinary Bill goes through six stages, including six different motions, upon which as many debates may take place. There is the motion for the first reading; for the second reading; the motion to go into the Committee; Committee itself, with its innumerable opportunities of debate and division; Report; and third reading. In a memorable instance within recollection, the House of Lords disapproved a seventh opportunity. The Land Transfer Bill had passed through all these stages, a motion to negative the proposal for the third reading having been defeated. Thereafter, as a matter of third reading, the House would agree to the proposal that "the Bill be now read a third time." But on the word "now" fresh debate arose, and, on a division, the Opposition triumphed, and the third reading was indefinitely postponed.

Where a money Bill is concerned there are preliminary processes which extend debate, and give fuller opportunity to obstruction. Before a Bill involving the expenditure of money can even be brought in, the House must needs discuss the policy and convenience of the proposal in Committee. The Government prepare a resolution or a series of resolutions, upon which, when agreed to, the Bill is founded. Here then are three preliminary stages, all of which will be utilised by the minority of the House of Commons who are convinced that Royalty can get along fairly well with the amount already voted. On Thursday and Friday in this week the House had before it the proposal to go into Committee on the Resolutions. In Committee the whole matter would be discussed again, and in fuller detail. Then there will be the Report stage of Resolutions, when, and only when, Mr. Smith will be authorised to bring in a Bill, round which, on the six stages enumerated, the battle will once more rage.

Interest in Parliamentary affairs, fading under repeated doses of the Scotch Local Government Bill alternated with the Scotch University Bill, has suddenly and briskly revived. Once more the Strangers' Galleries are crowded, and the approaches thronged. Members who had begun to think of holidays have been recalled to a sense of their obligations to their Party and their country. The Conservatives, usually the most susceptible to the approach of the holiday season, feel the pressure of the Whip most keenly. All kinds of influences, social and political, keep them in town till the Royal Annuities Bill is passed through its final stage. On the other side, the Bill has played the part of the apple of discord. The Opposition, rarely united, are just now in a condition which presents some unusual features. There is not a single bench, not excluding that on which ex-Ministers sit, where the vote will not be divided. Mr. Gladstone is going one way, and some of his most trusted and faithful colleagues are going another. The Irish members, to complete the surprise, will support the Throne and the Ministry. The Dissident Liberals will, of course, go with the Government, even Mr. Jesse Collings, who in 1885 was one of the ten incorruptible English Radicals who opposed the marriage settlement on Princess Beatrice, having been convinced that in existing circumstances a Government which proposes a much larger measure is in the right. The only section of party that views the situation with a light heart is that under the lead of Mr. Labouchere, which will, at all stages, vote solidly against any increase of the money grants to the Royal Family.

Apart from this measure, an excrescence on the ordered programme of the Session, business has gone forward pretty steadily, each night having its record of fair progress. There has been some lightening of the ship, though this movement has been counterbalanced by inexplicable additions to the cargo. So recently as Tuesday night Sir Michael Borch brought in a Bill dealing in drastic, peremptory, fashion with the general working of the railway system. This is a measure born of the recent fearful railway accident in Ireland, and is designed to reduce the tendency to similar occurrences. But it necessarily interferes with the interests and business arrangements of a powerful trading community, and would require much more time than is now available to become law. Nevertheless, it has been brought in, stands on the Order book, and some precious quarters of an hour have already been wasted upon it.

The Bill conferring upon the settlers in Western Australia autocratic powers with respect to the disposal of land is practically withdrawn, though Mr. Smith, with what some members regard as strange fatuousness, promises that a sitting shall be devoted to passing the second reading, apparently just for the fun of the thing, by way of disposing of time that hangs heavy on our hands. In the same quaint way Wednesday afternoon was deliberately set aside for discussion on the Tithes Bill, which, hated on the Opposition benches and not loved by the Conservatives, is admitted to have no chance of becoming law this Session. This arrangement was announced early in Tuesday's sitting, in the expectation that the Scotch Local Government Bill would pass the Report stage before the House rose. But the Scotch members had still much to say, and at midnight the Bill stood over as a remanet.

If it were not for the Royal Annuities Bill the House might on Monday set itself to discussion on the remaining estimates. Of these there are a considerable number, including some of the Irish Votes, usually involving heated and prolonged controversy. But the Irish members remain strictly on their best behaviour, and it is not expected that there will be any approach to the famous scenes of yore. Like the historical driver of the outside car, the Irish members have doubtless "saved a trot for the avenue," and will close the Session amid a blaze of denunciation of Mr. Balfour and all his works. But a night or two would suffice for that. In addition to the Irish Votes there are a batch of amendments to the remaining Votes standing in the names of English, Scotch, and Welsh members, and Mr. Hanbury threatens a new debate on the remaining Army Vote. In the present temper of the House there is nothing in all this that might not be disposed of on or before August 17th. But in addition to this ordinary work there interposes the black shadow of the Annuities Bill, which obliterates the prospect of an early Prorogation.

In the meanwhile the Lords look quietly on, having made up their minds about most things. Only once this week have they developed any activity, and that was upon a motion by Lord Cadogan introducing a revolution in the reporting arrangements by bringing in an official reporter on the floor of the House. Some noble lords cried aloud at this innovation, one suggesting that the reporter should be stowed in the ventilating-chamber under the floor of the House, another varying this by the proposal that the "stranger" should be introduced through the machinery of a trap-door, something after the manner of a Jack-in-the-box. In the dilemma the House, agreeing to the main proposition, referred the settlement of details to the Black Rod Committee.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased slightly last week, when the deaths numbered 1,556 against 1,606 during the previous seven days, being a fall of 50, and 227 below the average. The death-rate also went down to 18.7 per 1,000. The fatal cases of diarrhoea and dysentery continue high, and increased to 274 (a rise of 16), besides 10 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. There were 29 deaths from measles (a decline of 1), 29 from whooping-cough (an advance of 3), 23 from diphtheria (a fall of 2), 12 from scarlet fever (a rise of 3), and 6 from enteric fever (a decline of 2). Thirty-four deaths resulted from violence, and five cases of suicide occurred. There were 2,627 births registered—an increase of 321, but 134 below the average.



ENGLISH STARLINGS AND GOLDFINCHES have been successfully acclimatised in New Zealand.

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES should certainly turn their attention to Belgium. The little kingdom contains 150,000 public houses, about one for every forty of the population, and the annual amount of spirits consumed reaches nine litres—nearly two gallons—per head.

SMOKELESS POWDER has been tried, with great success, in the Saxon Army. At some recent artillery experiments before the King both ordinary shells and shrapnel were discharged by this powder, and not a trace of smoke appeared round the mouth of the cannon.

BRITISH GENEROSITY TO CHINA in sending help to the famine-stricken districts is warmly appreciated by Chinese official circles. Tablets of honour are being despatched by the Viceroy of Nanking to the Lord Mayor of London and Sir Thomas Wade as tokens of gratitude.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN on December 22nd will be observed by several special expeditions. A party of American astronomers will establish a station at St. Paul de Loanda. The line of central eclipse passes from the Caribbean Sea along the north-east coast of South America, over St. Helena, and thence across Africa to the district of Ajan on the eastern coast.

THE COMMITTEE of Lady Sandhurst's Home for Cripples, 148, Marylebone Road, have secured the services of Professor Atkinson, the eminent bone-setter. He will carry out his new treatment (by pulley, weight, and lever) for deformed and injured limbs, which has been so successful at the Hutton Homes in restoring the function of crippled muscles, tendons, and joints.

THE POPE is TAKING A SUMMER HOLIDAY. He has left the Vatican to stay in a small pavilion at the end of the gardens, called the "Casino of Pius IV.," and thoroughly enjoys the change after being restricted to the same apartments for over eleven years. The pavilion is very small and rather damp, but His Holiness would not listen to any objections offered to his removal. He intends to establish an astronomical observatory in the Vatican.

CONTEMPT OF COURT is curiously interpreted across the Atlantic. A judge trying an important case at Buffalo, was much annoyed by a sudden burst of noise from the various factories, which, according to custom, blew their whistles violently at noon. So he gave the following order: "The sheriff will notify the proprietors of the several factories that unless this whistling is stopped, they will be called before the Court for contempt."

SWALLOWS are being trained as messengers in France. Recent experiments at Roubaix prove that swallows can carry despatches quite as well as pigeons, and the scheme is now to be officially tested at Lille by a Government expert. If the trials are satisfactory, a swallow cot will be established at Mont Valérien, near Paris. Carrier pigeons will be extensively used during the coming German army manoeuvres, at Emperor William's special request.

LORD FIFE is ONLY THE THIRD DUKE created during Her Majesty's reign, the Royal Princes excepted. The Dukes of Abercorn and Westminster are the other two creations by the present Queen. Lord Fife's house at Braemar, where the bride and bridegroom go for the close of the honeymoon, is most beautifully situated on the Dee, in extensive grounds. Wooded hills rise at the back, while in front are splendid views of valley and mountain. New Mar Lodge was originally a small family shooting-box, but has been gradually enlarged and added to since Lord Fife succeeded to the property, till it has become a charming and comfortable home. He has built a fine ball-room, decorated with stags' heads, a drawing-room, and a small chapel, besides reconstructing the entrance-hall and dining-room, which are notable for their fittings of local pine-wood. One of the old rooms contains a sketch by Sir Edwin Landseer, drawn on the wall one evening after dinner.



FROM KARLSRUHE TO THE HAGUE ON HORSEBACK

LIEUTENANT HARRY VON BOHLEN HALBACH, of the Life Dragon Regiment of the Grand Duke of Baden (third son of the Baron von Bohlen Halbach, Grand Seneschal to H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Baden), lately rode a mare from Karlsruhe to the Hague, a distance of about 650 kilometres, in seven and a-quarter days, including a day's rest on the road. On the second day the mare slipped and fell. She was wounded in two places, and had to be sewn up by a veterinary. Lieutenant Halbach's leg was likewise torn open, and treated in like manner. We publish an illustration of the rider and horse, taken the day of their arrival in the Hague, and showing how both looked after the expedition. Lieutenant von Bohlen Halbach left Karlsruhe on Tuesday morning, May 28th, at

five o'clock. He rested from eleven till two in Speyer, and slept at Worms. He had been ten and a half hours on horseback, and had ridden 95 kilometres on this first day.

On the 29th he left at 4.30 a.m., rested three hours, arrived at St. Goar six p.m. (after accident), 10½ in saddle. Distance, 110 kilometres.

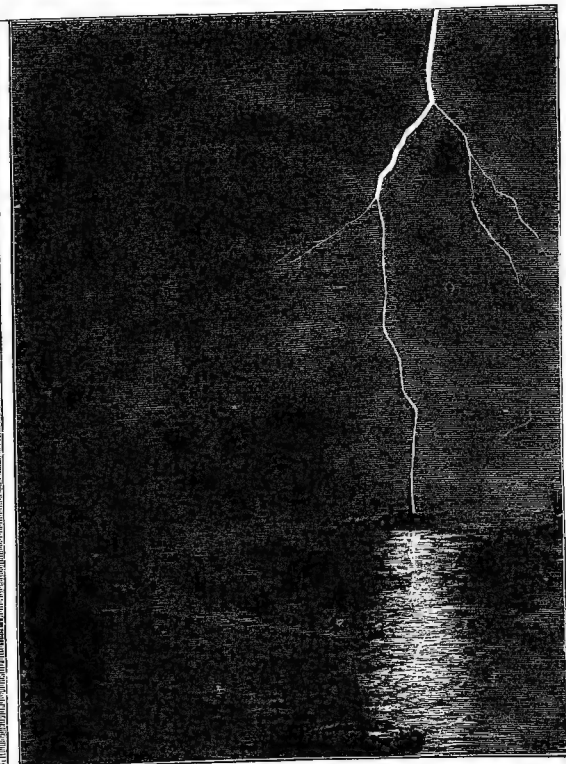
30th May. Left five a.m., rested three hours, arrived in Oberassel, near Bonn, at seven p.m. Twelve hours in saddle. Distance 95 kilomet.

31st May. Rested at Oberassel.

June 1. Left five a.m., rested on road three hours, arrived Crefeld six p.m.; 10 hours in saddle. 100 kilomet.

June 2. Left five p.m., rest two hours, arrived at six p.m. in Nymwegen, nine hours in the saddle. 95 kilomet.

June 3. Left Nymwegen six a.m., arrived at Dordrecht seven p.m.; eleven hours in saddle. 100 kilomet.

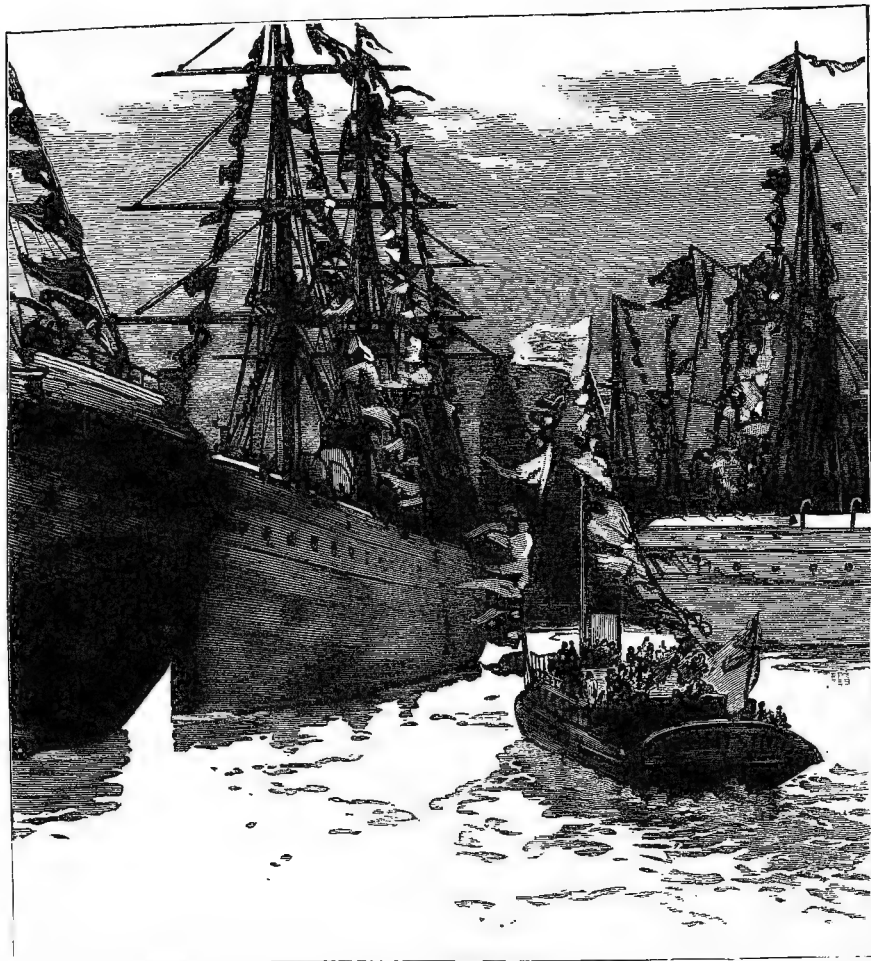


June 4. Left six a.m., arrived in the Hague eleven a.m.; five hours in saddle; 30 kilomet.

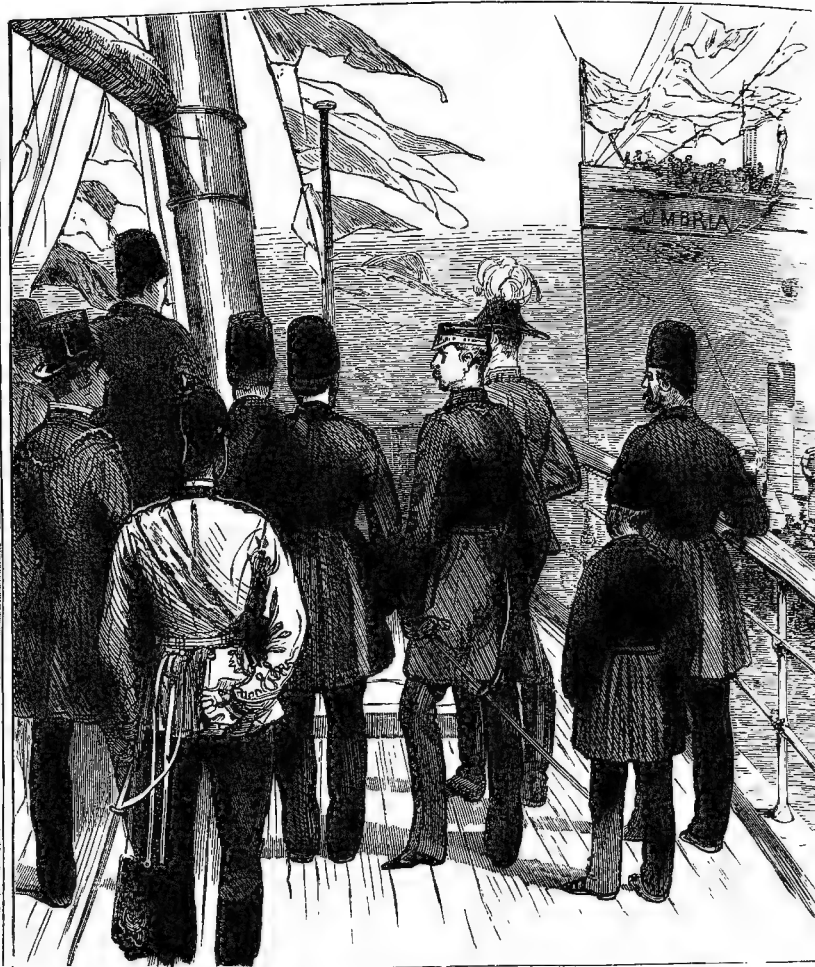
#### A REMARKABLE LIGHTNING FLASH

DURING the thunderstorm of May 20th at Hong Kong (of the disastrous effects of which we gave illustrations last week) the lighting was peculiarly vivid, and during the height of the storm a photograph was taken of one of the most blinding flashes. It spread over a great extent of the heavens, and seemed to strike the P. and O. mail steamer lying in Hong Kong Harbour. From the main line of the flash subsidiary flashes, like the tributaries of a great river, spread out on each side. The reflection upon the sea was almost as broad as that cast by the moon when full.—Our engraving is from a photograph kindly sent to us by Colonel Chauncy.

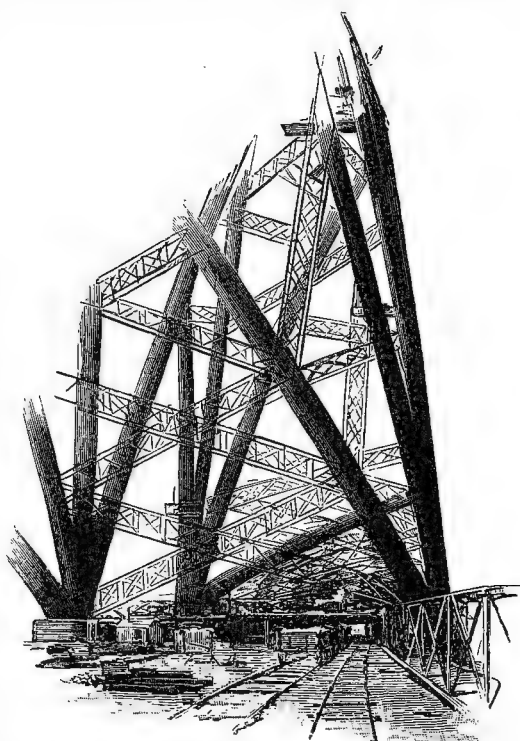




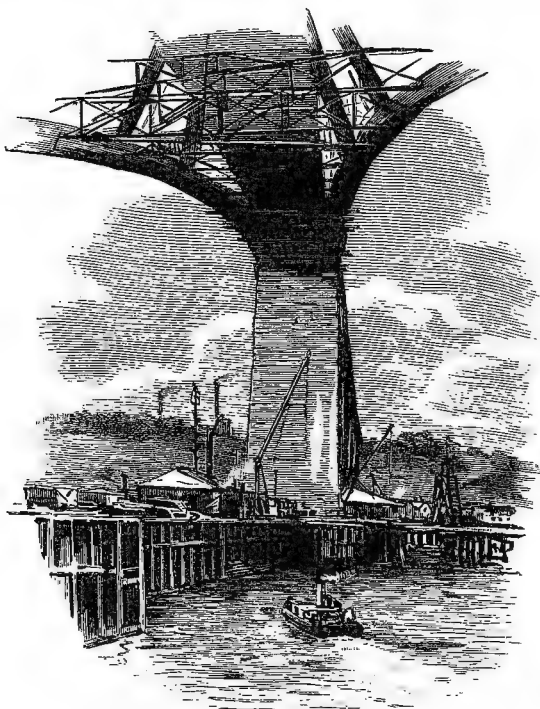
CHEERING THE SHAH IN THE ALEXANDRA DOCK, LIVERPOOL



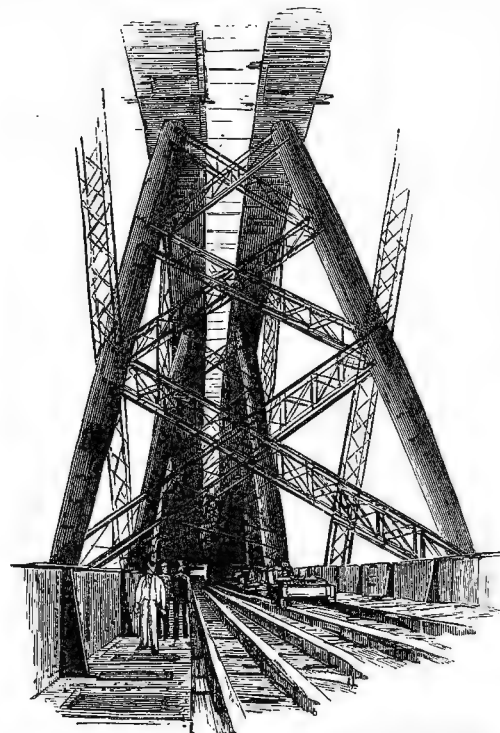
THE SHAH ENTERING THE ALEXANDRA DOCK, LIVERPOOL



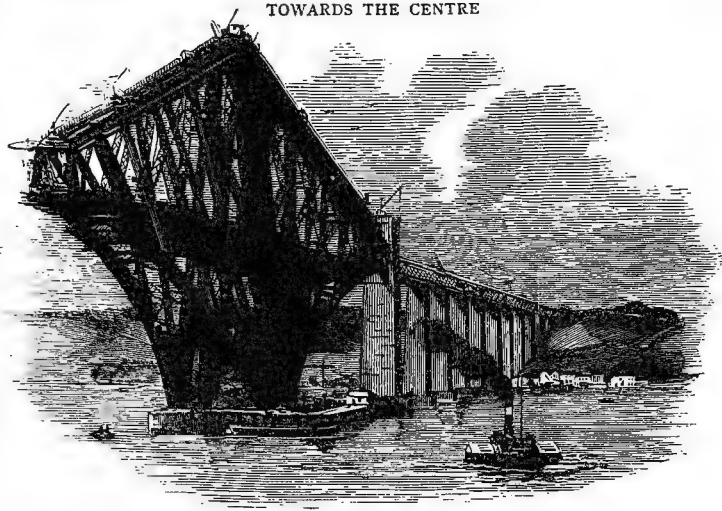
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CANTILEVER LOOKING TOWARDS THE CENTRE



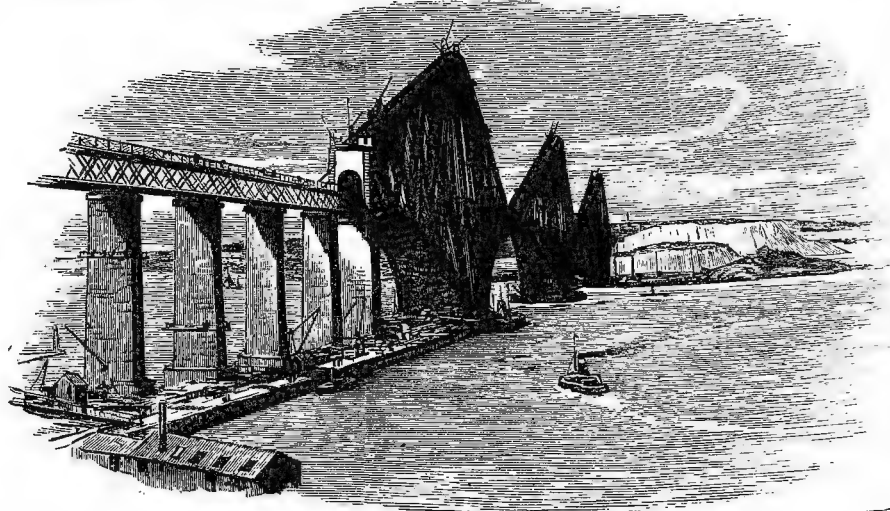
VIEW FROM UNDER THE END OF THE FIRST CANTILEVER



LOOKING TOWARDS THE END OF THE CANTILEVER FROM THE RAILWAY PLATFORM



FIRST CANTILEVER, LOOKING TOWARDS THE NORTH SHORE, FROM THE WATER



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRIDGE LOOKING TOWARDS THE FIFE SHORE

THE FORTH BRIDGE WORKS INSPECTED BY THE SHAH

THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND









**THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.**—With the applause of the Edinburgh Gladstonians still fresh in his memory, Mr. Parnell was subjected, on Tuesday this week, to a very stringent cross-examination by the Attorney-General, and to some pertinent interrogatories by the President of the Commission himself. The missing books of the Land League having been all along, in Mr. Parnell's own belief, in the possession of Egan, he was asked why he had not communicated with Egan in regard to them. He replied that Egan having chosen Mr. Labouchere as his channel of communication in regard to the forged letters, he (Mr. Parnell) did not see why he should communicate with Egan through any other. Closely questioned as to the amount of the National fund, of which he, Mr. Biggar, and Mr. Justin McCarthy are trustees, he confessed to great ignorance on the point, and replied, "I do not know" when asked whether an account is kept of their funds. The Attorney-General then remarking, "But, Mr. Parnell, you are a man of business and experience," was interrupted by the witness with the disclaimer, "I am not a man of business, and never was." As regards these funds, it was elicited that Messrs. Munroe, of Paris, held some of them. The President asked whether Mr. Parnell had any objection to direct that firm to let the Court see the accounts relating to them. Mr. Parnell, who was so anxious for an inspection of the accounts of the Irish Patriotic League, refused point blank to sanction any "disclosure of the nature and extent of our present resources," a refusal of which Sir James Hannen took note. On Wednesday, Mr. Harcastle, who had carefully examined the four books of the Land League produced, was recalled, and said that after everything had been verified, he found a sum of nearly 94,000*l.* wholly unaccounted for.

**MR. W. O'BRIEN'S ACTION AGAINST LORD SALISBURY.**—The action for slander, brought at Manchester, by Mr. W. O'Brien against Lord Salisbury, from whom he claimed 10,000*l.* damages, terminated on Saturday, last week. In summing up, Mr. Justice Stephen pointed out that, in law, slander must impute an indictable offence. To incite to murder or rob was an offence of this kind, and could not prove his charge, he must pay damages. But if Lord Salisbury merely meant to say that what Mr. O'Brien advocated very often led to murder and robbery, then in his, the Judge's, opinion, the plaintiff had not proved his case. After only six minutes' deliberation, the jury found for the defendant. It has since been announced that an application will be made by Mr. O'Brien for a new trial on the ground of alleged misdirection by the Judge.

**THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION** have refused to grant a mandamus ordering Mr. Bridge, one of the Bow Street magistrates, to hear and determine a summons applied for by a Mr. Simms, a journalist, for an assault, alleged to have been committed on him by the Duke of Cambridge, under circumstances already detailed in this column. Mr. Bridge, it will be remembered, declined to grant a summons on the ground that there was no evidence that the Duke had intentionally committed an assault. The Queen's Bench Division held that the magistrate having exercised his discretion they could not interfere, Mr. Justice Day

adding that Mr. Bridge was well known to be an able lawyer, and an independent and firm-minded magistrate.

**THE WHITECHAPEL MURDER.**—No clue has yet been discovered towards identifying the murderer of Alice Mackenzie. A man named Brodie charged himself not only with that murder, but with the whole series of the Whitechapel murders, giving a long and detailed account of his alleged perpetration of them. Brought before the Thames Street police magistrate he persisted in his self-accusations, but the police inspector to whom they were first made stated that when the prisoner made them to him he was not only drunk but apparently suffering from *delirium tremens*. It was further stated, on the authority of his landlady, that on the night of the murder of Alice Mackenzie, Brodie went to bed at eleven o'clock, and did not leave his lodgings until eleven o'clock next morning, returning in the evening drunk. Ultimately he was remanded, seemingly on the charge of being a wandering lunatic.

**THE DEPTFORD POISONINGS.**—Mrs. Winter, who, with her daughter, Elizabeth Frost, was charged with poisoning three persons in order to get the sums for which their lives were insured, died, as was reported in this column last week, while the magisterial investigation was proceeding. Before her death she confessed her guilt, and exculpated her daughter. Evidence to this effect having been adduced when Frost was brought up on remand on Monday in the Greenwich Police Court, she was discharged as regarded the murders. But on further evidence being given to the effect that when Mrs. Winters received 10*l.*, the insurance money of the boy Bolton, the prisoner affixed her mark to the receipt as that of the mother of the boy, whereas she was not his mother, she was on Tuesday committed for trial for forgery.

**THE POLICE HAVE MADE A RAID ON THE RIVINGTON CLUB,** Shoteditch, alleged to be one of many in which gambling is carried on, and into which any one may be admitted on payment of a small fee at the door. A number of persons were found gambling, and the supposed principals were taken into custody. They were brought before the Worship Street police magistrate on Wednesday, and, after evidence had been given, they were remanded for a week.

**BRITISH MOUNTAINEERS** seem doomed to disaster of late on Eastern peaks. Nothing has yet been heard of Mr. Malcolm Macmillan, who attempted the ascent of Mount Olympus over a fortnight ago, and it is feared that he must have fallen over a precipice, unless captured by brigands. His companion, a member of the British Embassy at Constantinople, left him safe about midway, and on his return found that Mr. Macmillan had disappeared. English climbers are more fortunate in Switzerland, where a party of fifteen successfully ascended the Weisshorn last week in splendid weather.

**ANOTHER VOLUME OF VICTOR HUGO'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS** has just been brought out in Paris, containing two dramas, *Amy Robart* and *Les Jumeaux*. The former piece was inspired by Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth," and was acted in 1828 at the Paris Odéon, professedly as the work of Victor Hugo's young brother-in-law, a student of seventeen. It was a dead failure, and never reached a second performance. *Les Jumeaux*, written in 1839, tells the old tale of the Man in the Iron Mask, whom the author represents as the twin-brother of Louis XIV. Only three acts are written, the third being unfinished. Neither of these pieces will add to Hugo's fame, and they are chiefly interesting as specimens of his earlier labours.

**A SOLEMN REPUBLICAN COMMEMORATION** takes place in Paris next Sunday, August 4th, when the remains of Carnot, Hoche, Marceau, and La Tour d'Auvergne will be transferred to the Panthéon. A Government escort will bring the relics of Carnot from Magdeburg, and the other coffins will be removed to the Pantheon by night, together with Marceau's heart in an urn. The coffins will be placed on a huge catafalque under the colonnade, surrounded by President Carnot, the Ministry, and the descendants of the deceased heroes. Numerous speeches are to be delivered, and the troops forming the Paris garrison, together with several military and municipal schools, will march past the catafalque before the coffins are carried in solemn procession to the crypt, to be interred in their respective vaults.

**THE SHAH OF PERSIA** will be received in Paris with great ceremony next Tuesday. President Carnot and the Ministry will greet him at the railway station and escort their guest to his quarters in the Rue Copernic, the route being lined with troops. The house has been elaborately fitted up with tapestry, mirrors, and furniture from the State collections, the dining-room displaying very handsome wood-carving. The drawing-room is in Louis XV. style, and the Shah's bedroom of Louis XIV. period. All His Majesty's apartments are on the first floor, whence he can ascend by a private staircase to a verandah commanding a view of the Eiffel Tower. The gardens of the hotel are very extensive. On leaving Paris the Shah goes to Vienna, and thence, via Montenegro, Servia, and Roumania, to Russia, reaching home about the middle of October.

**BROMPTON CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL.**—The Princess Christian on the afternoon of the 16th inst. visited the Brompton Hospital, in order to take part in a special performance of music for the entertainment of the inmates, and was received on arrival by Dr. Theodore Williams (the Senior Physician), Dr. J. Tatham, Dr. Frederick Roberts, Dr. J. M. Bruce, Dr. Biss, and the officials of the Hospital. H.R.H. was supported by Lady Feodorowna Sturt, the Hon. Winifred Sturt, Miss Mary Liddell, and Miss Angela Maxwell, with the Ladies' Guitar and Mandoline Band. The Princess much delighted the audience by her performance of two pianoforte solos, "La Fontaine" and "Blumenstück," and took part in a duet with Miss Mary Liddell. Lady Feodorowna Sturt contributed two songs, "Daddy," and "Last Night." The violin solos, "Love's Golden Dream," and "Père la Victoire March," by the Hon. Winifred Sturt, elicited vigorous applause. The Ladies' Guitar and Mandoline Band played a number of pieces with charming effect, and accompanied Miss Angela Maxwell in her pretty song, "Ricordo di Quisisana," in which they were heartily encored. Miss Mary Liddell rendered valuable service by her able discharge of the duties of accompanist throughout. The performance was varied by some most amusing recitations by the Hon. A. Yorke. The visit of the Princess Christian, and her evident sympathy, afforded intense gratification to the patients, who manifested their pleasure by hearty and spontaneous cheers on her departure, this being the fourth occasion on which H.R.H. has taken part in the Hospital entertainments.

## MARRIAGES

**BUCKLEY-DANIEL.**—On the 20th inst., at St. Saviour's Church, Harley Road, Stroud Green, N., by the Rev. A. J. Ard, ANDREW, eldest son of the late J. B. Buckley, to LOUISE ADELINE, second daughter of the late Richard Gordon Daniel, both of Stroud Green, London, N.

**GORING-DANIEL.**—On the 20th inst., at St. Saviour's Church, Harley Road, Stroud Green, N., by the Rev. A. J. Ard, JOHN HARRY, second son of John Goring, to JENNIE, third daughter of the late Richard Gordon Daniel, both of Stroud Green, London, N.

## CHEAP CONTINENTAL HOLIDAYS, By the HARWICH ROUTE.

Brussels, via Antwerp and back, 29*s.*; the Ardennes, 35*s.*; Holland, 24*s.*; the Rhine, 45*s.* 11*d.*; Switzerland, 97*s.*, &c.

Through carriages from Liverpool Street Station at 8 P.M., Birmingham (New Street), 4 P.M., Manchester (London Road), 3 P.M., Doncaster, 4.52 P.M. (in connection with Express Trains from the Midlands, the North of England, and Scotland), run direct to Harwich alongside the G.E.R. Co.'s Steamers to Antwerp and Rotterdam every Weekday, and the G.S.N. Co.'s Steamers to Hamburg on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Circular Tours, including the Paris Exhibition. Read "Walks in Holland," "Walks in the Ardennes," and the G.E.R. "Tourist Guide to the Continent," price 6*d.* each, by post 8*d.*

Guides, Time Books, and Information at 61, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

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**Egerton Burnett's**  
PURE WOOL. BEST DYE.  
**BLACK SERGES.**  
As supplied by him for Court Mourning and General Wear, are in great demand.  
A variety of qualities from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* per yard. Ladies who have a preference for black should write for patterns direct to  
**EGERTON BURNETT,**  
Woolen Warehouse, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

**"DISTIL" COFFEE**  
Towers over all.  
1/2 bottle equals 1 pound.  
St. Paul's 360 ft.  
Monument 140 ft.  
EIFFEL TOWER 1000 feet.

**ICE REFRIGERATORS** at half price.—Re the Wenham Lake Ice Company. Having purchased the stock of this company, will clear out at half their list price for cash. Large size refrigerator, in grained oak case, with lock, 1*st* price, 4*5*; sale price, 2*2* 10*s.* All sizes in stock.  
**S. GOFF and CO., 17, King Street, COVENT GARDEN.**

**TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE** is the only thoroughly harmless Skin Powder. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors.  
14 or 36 penny stamps **MOST INVALUABLE!**  
**J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.**

The Beauty of the Skin enhanced by



**POUDRE D'AMOUR**  
(Prepared by PICARD FRÈRES, Parfumeurs).  
A Toilet Powder, combining every desideratum. Hygienic and Cosmetic, for Beautifying and Softening the Skin. It will be equally welcomed by all, for imparting a most natural *franchise* to the complexion. Gentlemen will find it most soothing and pleasant for use after shaving.  
In three tints: Blanche for fair skins, Naturelle for darker complexions, and Rachel for use by artificial light.  
Price 1*s.* By Post, free from observation, 1*s.* 3*d.* Of all Hairdressers and Chemists.  
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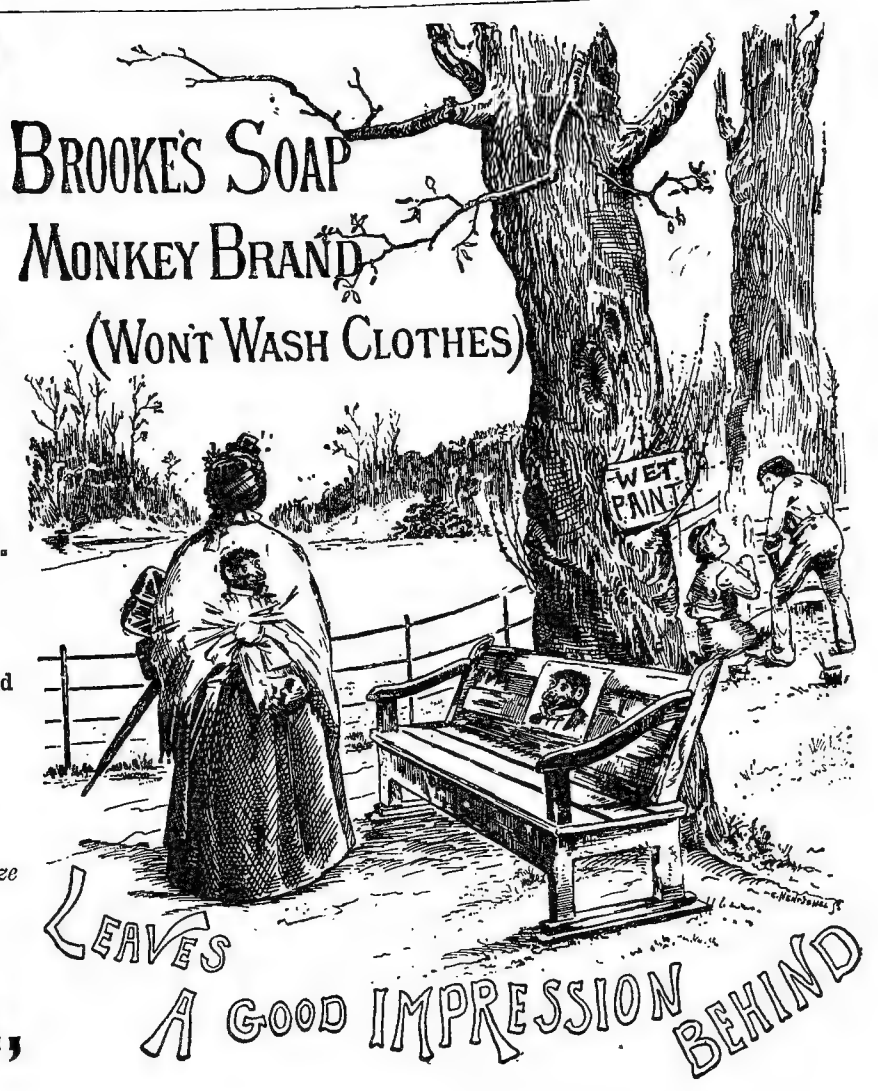
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## THE OLD ADELPHI

My earliest recollections of this theatre, then under the management of Frederick Yates, date from 1830, in which year *The Wreck Ashore*, one of Buckstone's most popular dramas, was first produced, and, acted as it was by the whole strength of the excellent company, had what in those days was considered a prodigious run. Four years later, the same indefatigable writer followed up his success with an adaptation of *Victorine*, in which, as in the former piece, Yates and his charming wife, John Reeve, O. Smith, Mrs. Fitzwilliam and the author himself sustained the principal parts. From this point, indeed, until the manager's death in 1842, the Adelphi annals record a brilliant series of triumphs, a failure at this highly favoured theatre being a rare and exceptional occurrence.

No one understood his public better than Yates, or had a more unerring skill in the composition of a tempting playbill. Moreover, he was a Protean actor, as versatile as Mathews, disguising his individuality so as to be almost unrecognisable, and assuming with equal ability every variety of character, from Miles Bertram and Robespierre down to Mr. H. Belasquez in the amusing imbroglia of *H. B.* His wife, a refined and essentially feminine actress, who, as Miss Brunton, had earned golden opinions as the representative of legitimate comedy at Covent Garden, proved no less attractive as the heroine of Adelphi drama, where her natural and unaffected pathos had full play. In everything she undertook she was graceful and ladylike; and the last time I saw her, as Mrs. Evergay in a semi-serious piece by Peake called *The Titled Deeds*, she personated a lively widow with all the spirit and vivacity that had formerly characterised her Rosalind and Letitia Hardy. She was admirably seconded by the deservedly popular Mrs. Fitzwilliam, one of the best all-round actresses of her day, who, as "little Fanny Copeland" at the Surrey, had already secured an instalment of public favour destined to increase and multiply during the whole of her long and brilliant career.

Of all the low comedians I have seen, John Reeve was unquestionably the most broadly humorous; and, in such parts as Marmaduke Magog and Jack Ragg, absolutely unapproachable. His fun was thoroughly spontaneous and genuine; and, although he occasionally overstepped the bounds of good taste, and substituted for the author's text sundry interpolations of his own, yet, as these were accompanied by a solemn shake of the head and a marvellously significant wink, the effect produced on the audience, between whom and the actor a sort of Freemasonry existed, was irresistible. Even when, as too frequently happened, his convivial habits had got the better of him, his lapses of memory were allowed to pass without notice; and what to a less popular favourite would have been utter ruin was, in his case, indulgently condoned. Reeve was a stout, burly man, but danced with remarkable lightness and agility; he had a fair singing voice, and no one who ever heard his "One Horse Shay" was likely to forget it. His "Fidus Achates" was that quaint little oddity Buckstone, then comparatively a novice, but gradually acquiring a foretaste of the popularity subsequently enjoyed by him. Nor must I omit to mention Wilkinson, famous as Bob Logic in *Tom and Jerry*, and Hemming, a more useful than brilliant member of the company, who afterwards became the proprietor of the Café de l'Europe in the Haymarket.

No Adelphi drama was considered complete without its "villain," and this obnoxious but indispensable personage was invariably assigned to O. Smith, or to give him his right name, Richard John Smith, the O. being merely an abbreviation of "Obi," a character his performance of which had founded his reputation.

Demons, cut-throats, and ruffians of every grade fell to the lot of this excellent actor, who, being the mildest and quietest of mortals in private life, often objected, but in vain, to the unenviable notoriety of representing on the stage the most abominable outcasts of society that the brain of a dramatist could invent. It must, however, be owned that, physically speaking, this repulsive speciality suited him to perfection; his "make-up" as Grampus in the *Wreck Ashore*, and as Chanteloup in *Victorine*, was in the highest degree picturesque, and in the *Bottle Imp* (produced at the English Opera House in 1828) his demoniac "Ha! ha!" was positively appalling. O. Smith was, for many years, an industrious collector of books and prints relating to the drama, and at the time of his death had made considerable progress in a compendious history of the stage, which, together with his theatrical library, was ultimately sold, and realised scarcely a tithe of what it certainly would have fetched at the present day.

It was, I think, in 1836 that Fanny Stirling, then in the flower of her youth, first appeared at the Adelphi as Biddy Nuts in Buckstone's *Dream at Sea*, a part originally "created" by Mrs. Nisbett. She was a valuable acquisition to the company, and I have a lively recollection of her grace and piquancy. When Leman Rede wrote *A Flight to America* for "Jim Crow" Rice, she was cast for Sally Snow, a travesty wholly unworthy of her charming talent. There exists a portrait of Mrs. Stirling, lithographed during her engagement at this theatre by Lan, which both in point of resemblance and as a work of Art is a veritable gem.

After poor Power's death the part of Rory O'More was played by Hudson, a clever and versatile comedian and vocalist, who subsequently sang in *The Black Domino* with Anna Thillon at the Haymarket; he was an efficient and gentlemanly *jeune premier*, and during Madame Céleste's management greatly distinguished himself as Henri de Beausoleil in Selby's adaptation of *Satan*. Nor must Lyon, the Jonathan Wild of *Jack Sheppard*, be forgotten; I do not remember to have seen him in any other piece, but as the notorious thiefcatcher he seemed to me to possess every requisite quality for the typical stage villain.

The mention of *Jack Sheppard* brings me naturally to its principal interpreter, one of the most accomplished actresses that ever graced the boards of a theatre. Mrs. Keeley could never have been called a pretty woman, but her face and voice were exquisitely sympathetic; and, although short in stature, her own description of herself as Bailey, "junior, in *Martin Chuzzlewit* (I quote from memory) was indisputably correct:—"There's not much of me, but what there is is good." Her range of characters, serious and comic, was so extensive, and her versatility so extraordinary, that nothing came amiss to her; the most pathetic drama or the broadest farce found in her the exact embodiment of the author's idea, it being a foregone conclusion that, whatever the part undertaken by her might be, she was certain to do more for the writer than he for her. Who can forget her Nydia in *The Last Days of Pompeii*, her Mary Lockwood in *The Farmer's Story*, her Polly Pallmall in *The Prisoner of War*, and her grimy maid-of-all-work in *Apartments*? She sang, moreover, very sweetly, and her delicious warbling of "Young Susan had lovers" in Peake's *Middle Temple*, the refrain of which ran as follows,

Heigho, heigho, I'm afraid,  
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid!

is a pleasure of memory that haunts me still.

When Benjamin Webster became lessee of the Haymarket and Adelphi he confided the management of the latter theatre to Madame Céleste Elliott, an actress of undoubted merit and origi-

nality, but who never entirely succeeded in divesting herself of a very strong Gallic accent. As Miami in the second act of *The Green Bushes* she looked splendidly picturesque, and generally appeared to most advantage in situations of thrilling interest, where her energetic acting was wonderfully effective. I liked her less in *The Mysterious Stranger*, an abridgment of a piece then running at the Paris Vaudeville, in which Selby, the adapter, had interpolated for Wright an episodic personage, called Crêque, and invariably pronounced "Cricket" by the other performers, and had entrusted the part of a defrauding banker to a worthy member of the company named Cullenford, who, when offering his arm to Madame Celeste in a ball-room scene, invited her to make a "tower" of the rooms, adding by way of extra inducement, "They are dancing the 'Poll-ker.'" Selby was an indefatigable playwright, and I supplied most of the minor theatres with novelties chiefly derived from French originals; he succeeded, on the whole, better in this line than as an actor, the only part I ever saw him play really well being the comparatively trifling one of Chenille, in *The Prisoner of War*, produced during Macready's management at Drury Lane.

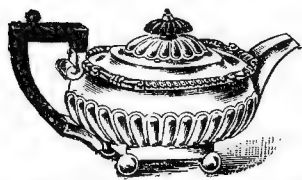
An indispensable item in the Adelphi bill of fare was the "screaming" farce, provided for the especial delectation of half-price visitors by such masters of the craft as Mark Lemon, Stirling Coyne, and by—far the most prolific of the trio—Maddison Morton. It was an understood thing that after the emotional complications of a three-act drama the spectators were fairly entitled to a little relaxation; and what more appropriate wind-up to the evening's entertainment could they possibly desire than *Going to the Derby* or *How to Settle Accounts with One's Landlady*, interpreted by Wright, Paul Bedford, Munyard (an actor of great promise, who died young), and the ever-charming Sarah Woolgar?

Of all the representatives of Paul Pry I have seen, Wright, next to Liston, was unquestionably the best. His face was so intensely comic, and his inquisitiveness so imperturbably cool, that the effect of both together was irresistible; and, although he certainly took greater liberties with his public than any other actor, not even excepting John Reeve, would have ventured to do, I never remember their being resented in the slightest degree. He always seemed to me to single out some particular individual among the audience as the recipient of his significant winks, and I perfectly recollect hearing him apostrophise an unfortunate man in the pit as "My friend Smith," thereby causing his disconcerted victim to become the cynosure not only of neighbouring eyes, but of every eye in the house. With all his faults, however, he was an incomparable farceur; and, on the rare occasions when he could be induced to apply himself to the more legitimate practice of his art, an excellent comedian.

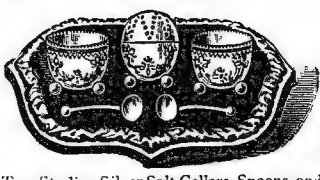
As for Paul Bedford, who had commenced his career as an operatic singer, and still retained sufficient voice to qualify him for such parts as Tartaglia in *The Wonderful Water Cure*, and *Norma Travestie*, he was more indebted for his popularity to the solidity with which he served as a butt for Wright's quips and cranks than to any histrionic ability possessed by him. He had a broad and totally inexpressive face, and a stout, burly figure; every part allotted to him was played precisely in the same mechanical way, his only pretension to humour—if it could be so called—being the occasional introduction of one or other of his favourite cant phrases, "Dem's my pips" or "I believe you, my bo-oy!"

In 1864 "Old Paul," as he generally styled himself, published his "Recollections and Wanderings," now almost a bibliographical rarity. Some of the anecdotes contained in the little volume are amusing enough, but the style in which the book is written, like the ways of the "Heathen Chinee," is, to say the least, "peculiar." C. H.

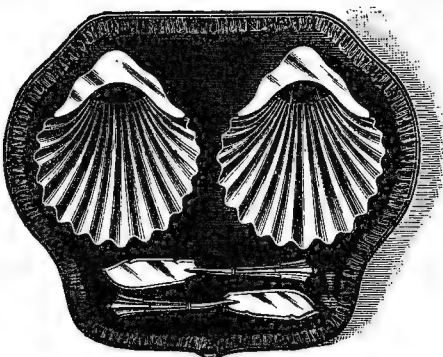
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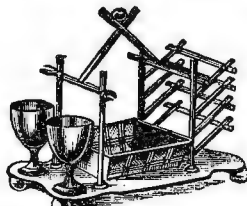
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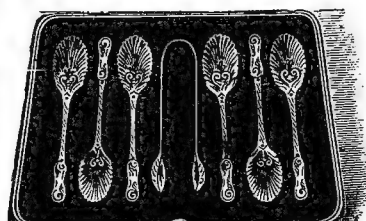
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Here hath been dawning  
Another blue day;  
Think, wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away?"

—T. Carlyle.



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This longing after Immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul  
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us:  
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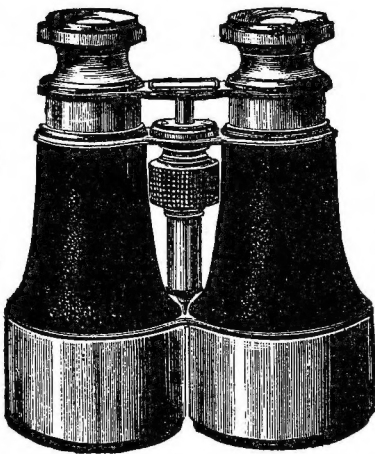
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**THE PROSECUTION OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.**—At the opening of the Primate's Court on Tuesday, Sir Walter Phillimore, for the Bishop of Lincoln, asked for a preliminary decision on the point which, if decided in the Bishop's favour would end the case, whether a Bishop can properly be tried on a charge of "ritual deviation" which does not connote heresy, or is not in itself grossly unseemly. The Archbishop on Wednesday decided in effect that a Bishop can be so tried. The proceedings were then adjourned.

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY** presided and spoke at a meeting held at the Kensington residence of the Duke of Argyll, who also spoke, in furtherance of the Primate's Mission to the Assyrian Christians.

**THE PROGRAMME OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS** to be opened at Cardiff on September 30th includes, among other items of general interest, the reading of papers on the literature of the day and its attitude towards Christianity, by Sir G. Stokes, M.P., President of the Royal Society, and by Mr. W. L. Courtney, who will treat the subject in connection with modern philosophic thought.

**FOR THE CLERGY DISTRESS FUND**, opened in February, 1887, at the suggestion of the Primate, for the temporary relief of beneficed clergymen suffering in one way or other from the effects of agricultural depression, 44,000*l.* have been raised, and 38,000*l.* expended in grants, including one of 800*l.* voted for distribution a few days since.

**THE REV. A. E. KING**, of the Clare College Mission in Rotherhithe, has been appointed Vicar of St. Philip's, Sydenham, in succession to the new Dean of Grahamstown. It is understood that in making this appointment Canon Yeatman desired to recognise the work done in South London by the College Missions of Cambridge.

**INTENDING VISITORS TO MONTE CARLO** who wish to combine the enjoyment of some Church privileges with that of risking their money at *roulette* and *trente-et-quarante*, may be gratified by an intimation from the Consul-General in London for Monaco, *apropos* of the Bishop of Gibraltar's refusal to consecrate a church at the head-quarters of European gambling, that within a few yards of the frontier of that not very extensive principality there is a building at which, though it is unconsecrated, "the services of the Church of England are conducted with the same regularity as in London."

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The contest for the vacant proctorship in Convocation for the Archdeacons of London and Middlesex, which excited considerable interest, has resulted in majorities for the High Church candidate, Canon Ingram over the Rev. W. H. Barlow, the Low Church Vicar of Islington.—The Rev. Herbert Kynaston, for many years an Assistant Master at Eton, and for fifteen years Principal of Cheltenham College, has been appointed by the Bishop of Durham to the Chair of Greek in Durham University to which a Canonry, is attached.—An appeal is made for subscriptions (which will be received by the Treasurer of the S.P.G.) to restore the Crimean Memorial Church at Constantinople, consecrated in 1868, and now in a dangerous state of disrepair.—Cardinal Manning completed last week his eighty-first year. More than 6,000*l.* has been subscribed for his silver Jubilee testimonial.—The Archbishop of Cyprus bade farewell to English Churchmen on Tuesday, at St.

Paul's, Knightsbridge, when he gave from the foot of the altar-steps the benediction in Greek.—The Wesleyan Conference opened at Sheffield on Tuesday, when the Rev. Charles H. Kelly was, by a large majority, elected President, the Rev. Dr. Stephenson receiving the next highest number of votes.

**A THREEPENNY POSTCARD** will shortly be issued for use with the Australian colonies. The stamp will be quite novel, being an oval portrait of the Queen in her Jubilee robes, after Herr Angeli's picture, printed in dark red.

**FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS** abound in Paris just now as much as in London, and the old aristocratic families are introducing new customs to distinguish their circle from the *bourgeois* Republicans. Instead of the traditional bouquet despatched daily to the *fiancée*, the lover offers an egg of white lilac, a ball of violets, or some other floral device tied with ribbons bearing the monogram of the happy pair. The engagement-ring is no longer simple pearls or diamonds, but a thick gold band, after the English style, set with emeralds, diamonds, and rubies—symbolising Hope, Happiness, and Love. The orthodox *corbeille de mariage* is out of date, so the bridegroom must not send his presents in a dainty basket or fanciful piece of furniture, but concealed in bags of old brocade or gold-embroidered satin, which can be utilised afterwards. He generally gives three handsome mantles—one of fur, one for the theatre, and one for everyday use; some half-dozen hats and bonnets, and several ready-made dresses, besides lace and jewellery.

**PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.**—The holiday season brings an enormous contingent of provincials and foreigners to the Exhibition, so the number of visitors continues very high. During the first fortnight of July 1,997,232 entrances were recorded, raising the total from the opening to 6,207,824. Some of the visitors create much amusement, like the twelve English who are camping out beyond the fortifications under an excellent tent, taking turns to keep house and look after the cooking, whilst the others conscientiously "do" the Exhibition. A party of Alsations intend to follow their example next month, but will bring an old Turco to manage the housekeeping duties. Another Alsatian is coming to Paris by bicycle. The Finnish students having attracted so much attention by their admirable singing, the Norwegian choral societies are now sending a picked body to uphold the honour of "Gammle Norge." Other foreign exhibitors show their physical skill, like the Senegalese and Congolese, who dash about in their frail pirogues on the Seine, and are even allowed to carry visitors. The Senegalese use two kinds of boats—the sea-pirogue, which is a huge log hollowed out by fire, and the river canoe—a lighter and flat-built boat, made of fir or pitch-pine. The Congolese wanted to shoot the weir at Suresnes to illustrate their skill in passing the rapids on their own river, but the exploit was prohibited as dangerous. The Moorish and Egyptian exhibitors are very wroth at being forbidden to sell so-called Eastern curiosities, which are in reality made either in France or Germany. M. Berger threatened to close the shops of the offenders, and kept his word, only permitting them to reopen on the solemn promise of selling true Oriental goods. Another complaint against the authorities is raised by many eminent painters, who have refused to accept the awards of the juries as being unfair, and inadequate to their well-known position in Art. The latest novelty of the Champ de Mars is a "sliding railway," where the trains are propelled by water-power at a tremendous pace. Letters can now be posted at the top of the Eiffel Tower.

**AN ARMADA TRICENTENARY MEDAL** will shortly be issued by the Society of Medallists. The design chosen bears a bust of Queen Elizabeth on the obverse, while on the reverse appears St. George slaying a winged figure—symbolising the Armada—and supported by Fame and *Aëolus*.

**THE ADVOCATES OF INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE** are not discouraged by the slow spread of Volapük, and are even beginning to find out the defects of that much-lauded tongue. They are now bringing out a fortnightly journal, "The Interpreter," to advocate their system of "world-speech," and publish the paper at Leipzig, in French, German, and English.

**LOTTERY GAMBLING IN ITALY** still continues one of the great popular excitements, and all Naples has been put in an uproar by a recent drawing of the State lottery. A Neapolitan chairmaker dreamt that he saw a hunchback make three somersaults, and as the word hunchback—*gobbo*—corresponds in books of dreams to the number fifty-seven, the superstitious Italians immediately concluded that fifty-seven would come out the great prize at the third drawing. The history of the dream spread, and the people literally fought for a share of a ticket representing fifty-seven. Many of the poor sold their furniture and kitchen utensils, others pawned their coats, and even their shirts, to raise the money, so that altogether nearly two million bets were laid on fifty-seven, while the chairmaker was threatened with being made into mincemeat if his dream did not come true. The police accordingly protected his house on the day of the drawing, and the troops were called out to check any disturbance. These precautions were needed, for the lucky number after all turned up as fifty-six, not fifty-seven, and the Neapolitans were furious. The Italian Government receive over three millions sterling annually from these lotteries, the expenses and prizes only amounting to half the sum.

**THE PERFORMANCE OF *The Pillars of Society*** at the Opéra Comique for the benefit of Miss Vera Beringer on Wednesday last week, was an occasion of very great interest. *The Pillars of Society* is one of the most remarkable of the series of social dramas in which, of recent years, Henrik Ibsen has set forth his views on modern life; and if the dramatic interest is not so concentrated as it is in *The Doll's House*, it rises in certain parts of the play to a very high level. A finer and more legitimate situation than that at the end of the second act has seldom been seen of late years on the boards of a London theatre. Plays produced at *matinées* are not supposed to show that complete preparation which it is usual to bestow on productions destined for a run; and *The Pillars of Society* was, generally speaking, inadequately interpreted by the actors. Mr. W. H. Vernon (who originally produced the play at a *matinée* at the Gaiety as long ago as 1882) worked very earnestly to portray the character of the weak and cowardly Consul Bernick, but the performance was but little above mediocrity. Miss Genéviève Ward, too, as Lona Hessel was disappointing, perhaps because she was nervous. The other characters were unobjectionable. Mr. Arthur Wood as Aune the shipbuilder, and Miss Annie Irish as Dina Dorf, both contributed thorough and sincere studies of character. The truth is that Ibsen suffers infinitely from indifferent acting; and though the experiment was exceedingly interesting, and on the whole successful, admirers of Ibsen may regret that so great a play was not produced with greater care and with a choicer cast.

The popular American actor Mr. Edwin Cleary took a benefit at the PRINCESS's last night (Friday), appearing as Jack Manley in *The Still Alarm*.

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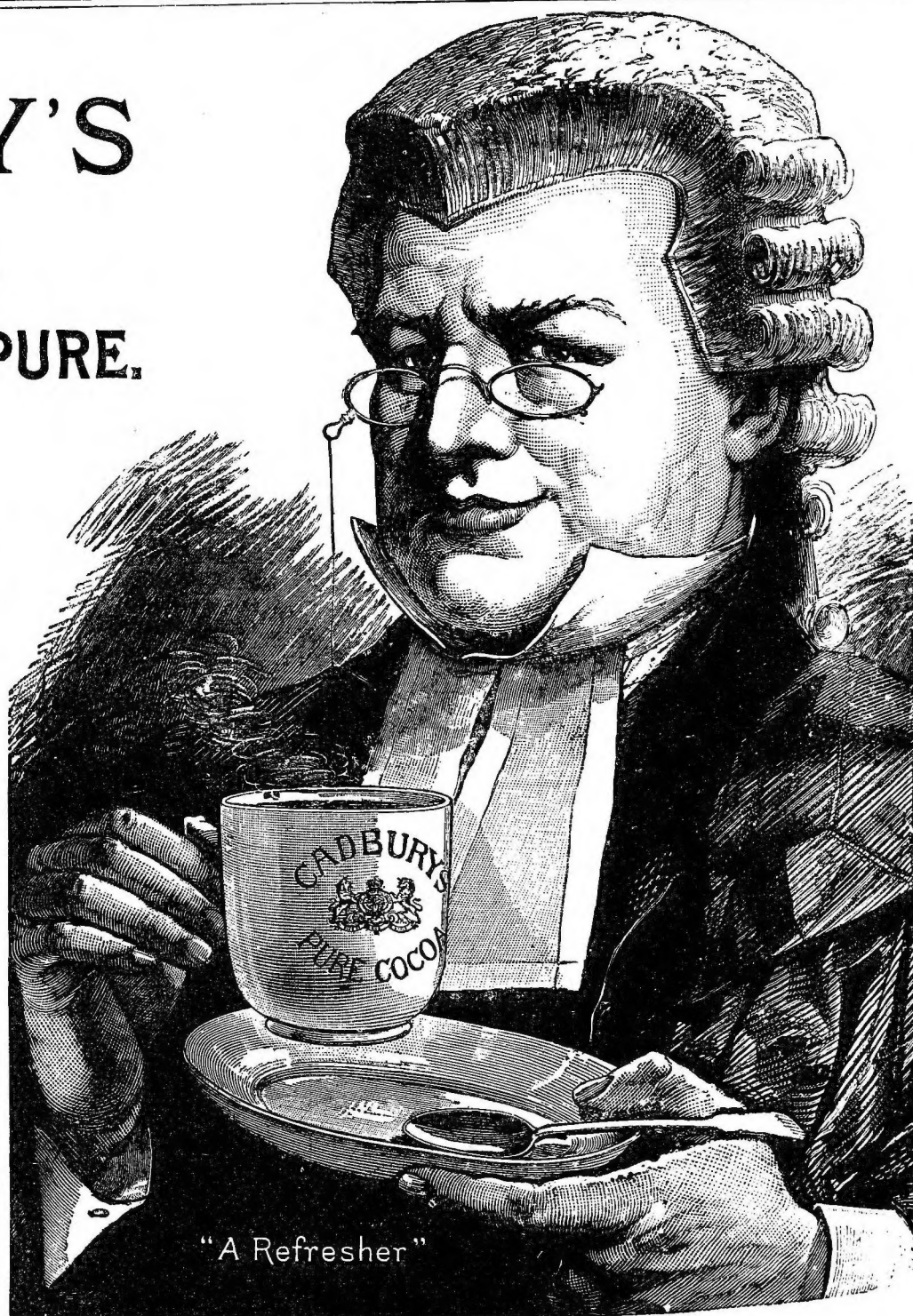
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